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FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., THE RETIRING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. T. MAUD

Topics of the Week

The Impotence of Europe

SIX weeks have now elapsed since the Legations at Peking were relieved, and the settlement of the Chinese crisis seems to be as far off as ever. What is the reason of the dead-lock? The fault does not apparently rest with China, for she is clearly anxious for a solution. She has appointed her Peace Plenipotentiaries, and they are only awaiting a notification from the Powers to begin negotiations. Still, no move is made, and European diplomacy pretends to be absorbed by the consideration of proposals, like the German note, which are too obviously simple to make anybody believe that they are the true cause of the delay. The truth, doubtless is, that the Powers are not a little frightened of the crisis. All of them are anxious to get out of it as quickly as possible, but they are afraid to follow the Russian advice and leave the Chinese masters of the field, because they know that such a course would only be the prelude to a fresh and still more serious crisis, and they are also afraid to formulate punitive proposals because, if they were rejected by China, they would be compelled to coerce her into acquiescing in them, and this would mean just the very undertaking they are most anxious to avoid. It is a curious illustration of the impotence of Europe. The Powers are, perhaps, not so much afraid of the military operations which a new campaign against China would involve—although none of them would enter upon them with a light heart—as they genuinely fear the burden of responsibility which victory might bring with it. Were China shaken too roughly she would assuredly go to pieces, and then the question of partition would arise. Over such a question the Powers would probably quarrel, and this would mean Armageddon; but if they did not quarrel and partition were arranged, each Power would then find itself confronted by the gigantic task of suddenly taking military and civil charge of a population of about 100,000,000 souls. This is not a prospect which any of them can contemplate with equanimity. The embarrassment already caused to Russia by the crisis is shown by the desperate means she has been compelled to resort to in order to meet the demands made on her Exchequer to pay the unexpected expenses of the campaign in Manchuria. She is consequently in no hurry to add to her responsibilities. Germany, notwithstanding the Emperor's flamboyant speeches, is scarcely better off than Russia. Her forward policy in China is so unpopular that the Government is unable to raise a loan of 4,000,000*l.* in the country to meet the expenses, and has been obliged to appeal to the American money market. England, happily, has no financial embarrassments, but she is recovering from a great military exertion, and she has her hands full with a colossal task of domestic reorganisation. Hence she, too, is anxious to keep the Chinese question within the narrowest possible limits. Even the United States is afraid of it. Add to these puzzling conditions an international atmosphere indurated with jealousy and suspicion, and we need scarcely be surprised if a solution of the Far Eastern problem seems far off. The worst of it is that there is no safety in inaction. The Powers cannot much longer postpone their decision without risk to their own harmony, or without courting a fresh explosion in the Far East, which would inevitably precipitate the very dangers they are anxious to avoid.

Advance Australia

THE Australian Colonies will not fail to recognise in the splendid send-off given to Lord Hopetoun last Wednesday a further testimony of the profound solicitude with which the people of the Motherland are watching the new departure in the history of the great Antipodean Commonwealth. The unification of Australia is, indeed, an event of the utmost moment to the whole Anglo-Saxon race. Whatever the destinies of that race there can be no question now that a branch of it has founded a nation which must hereafter be the paramount power in the seas of the Pacific. It is, however, as a buttress of the world-wide Empire of Britain which dominates every sea that Englishmen prefer to regard it, and happily it is in that character too that the Colonists themselves hail it. The spirit which presides over the construction of the new

Commonwealth has been sternly illustrated on the battle-fields of South Africa. It is essentially a spirit of union, a proud consciousness of Anglo-Saxon solidarity. The time is, perhaps, not far distant when the relation of Colony and Motherland will be exchanged for that of a Federation of Empires. The work that has been accomplished in Canada, and which is now about to be launched in Australia, will soon find a parallel in South Africa. It is in this way that the organic union of the Empire will be ultimately accomplished, for it must obviously be easier for four great States of practically equal rank to act together than for a dozen comparatively small communities, all of which must necessarily take restricted views of public affairs and must shrink from incurring responsibilities on an Imperial scale. Australia has now reached her majority. Lord Hopetoun carries with him to his new post the heartiest greetings of the Old Country to its grown-up offspring in the Southern Hemisphere.

The New Commander-in-Chief

ALTHOUGH Lord Roberts would have succeeded Lord Wolseley in the supreme command of the Army next month, in the ordinary course of promotion, none the less was it a most happy inspiration on the part of Her Majesty to make the exalted appointment a birthday gift to the hero of Kandahar. Of course, other honours will follow, but it may be doubted whether Lord Roberts will value any so highly as that just bestowed upon him in such an unusual manner. The customary routine in these cases is to gazette retirement and appointment simultaneously; we cannot recall any precedent for officially nominating a successor to a post while still occupied by a competent incumbent. All the greater, therefore, is the honour done to Lord Roberts by this new departure, nor can there be any doubt that the Queen adopted this method to signalise her esteem for the greatest commander her dominions have produced since the birth of the Duke of Wellington. If ever a public servant deserved rest Lord Roberts, after his life-long labours, would be unquestionably entitled to play the rôle of Cincinnatus. But instead of a period of leisure he will have to address all his energies and talents to the Herculean labour of Army re-organisation. It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that the Government will lighten the task as far as possible by appointing as his assistants whatever officers he considers the most likely to render him efficient and loyal service until the Titanic endeavour is finished.

Uncontested Seats

THERE can be no question that, however it came to pass, the Radicals committed a profound tactical error by allowing the Unionists to walk over at such an exceptional number of constituencies at the beginning of the battle. It was the surest possible way of creating both discouragement in their own ranks, and encouragement on the opposite side. There are cases, of course, when it is prudent to leave a seat uncontested, lest the polling should reveal grotesque inferiority. But many instances might be mentioned where, judging from the figures at the last General Election, the Opposition stood a very fair chance of achieving victory. An electioneering expert once laid it down as an axiom that no seat should be abandoned as hopeless unless an adverse majority of 1,000 or more had to be wiped off. If this test were applied to the present contest, it would be hard to justify the pusillanimous policy which handed over Birkenhead, York, and many other fairly open constituencies without the slightest effort to capture them from the Government. To make this timidity all the more unaccountable and inconsistent, Radical candidates entered the field at not a few places where their Party stood no chance of success. That would have been right enough had the Disraeli maxim, "fight every seat," been the Radical *mot d'ordre*. But the reverse being the case, it did not show wisdom to employ electioneering resources in vain attempts to attain the unattainable when the possibly attainable lay within reach.

The Recovery of the Soudan

IT shows how short are the memories of Party politicians that, with rare exceptions, Unionist candidates have hardly mentioned the overthrow of the Dervishes and the recovery of the Soudan from the deplorable condition into which it was plunged by Mr. Gladstone's precipitate "scuttle." The future historian, when relating the achievements of Unionist Administration between 1895 and the present date, will certainly give very prominent place to the rescue of some twenty millions of human beings from anarchy and massacre. Evil as things were in the Transvaal, they never approached the horrors which fell upon the Soudan after the uprising of Mahdism, and, from the standpoint of humanity, Lord Kitchener may claim to have fulfilled almost as grand a mission as Lord Roberts has so brilliantly accomplished in South Africa. But it may well be questioned whether this campaign would have ever been carried out by a Radical Ministry. There would have been the old, fatuous talk about "a people fighting to be free," and again would the English people have received assurance that Egypt could never govern the Soudan even if it were re-conquered. Happily, Lord Salisbury and his colleagues addressed themselves to the task in a wholly different spirit, and thanks to them, the "Pax Britannica" now reigns from the Equator to

Wady Halfa, with the full contentment of millions of people emancipated from the brutal tyranny which Mr. Gladstone had not the courage to face.

Honouring the Fallen

ON several occasions lately official announcement has been made that some officer or soldier would have received the Victoria Cross had he lived until it had been bestowed upon him. That is, of course, all that can be done so far as honouring the deceased goes; it is only the Chinese who confer posthumous honours on the dead. But could not some such honour be handed down to the bereaved family? We would suggest that when any such State recognition of exceptional merit has been earned, the token of national appreciation, whether the Cross of Valour or a war medal, shall be issued to the deceased's next of kin. It is indisputable that this little change of procedure would, at next to no cost, help to lighten family grief to an appreciable degree. Most people know how dearly prized is any little souvenir of a slain sailor or soldier by his sorrowing relatives, and much more highly valued would be the State decoration which, had he lived, he would have worn on his breast as a proof of national gratitude for good work well done.

Lord Wolseley

THE retirement of Lord Wolseley from the high office he has filled for the last five years, with so much advantage to the Army and so much credit to himself, will not, it is to be hoped, end his distinguished career in the public service. When placed in a position where he will be able to speak his mind without any infraction of military discipline, he should be able to give valuable assistance in solving the difficult problem of Army re-organisation. There is not a single branch of the Service with the details of which he is unacquainted. He learned regimental work while a subaltern in that excellent regiment the 50th Foot, and soon acquired the reputation of an intelligent, brave, and energetic officer. It was, no doubt, largely owing to this character that he was promoted to a captaincy in the 90th Light Infantry in a little more than three years from the date of his first commission. In the meanwhile he had achieved distinction in the Crimea, where he was severely wounded. From that date, the history of his life is a continuous record of campaigning. The Indian Mutiny, the China War of 1860, with the part he played therein, paved the way for his appointment to the command of the Red River Expedition, when he first came into personal touch with those Canadian boatmen whose services he subsequently enlisted to help the Gordon-rescue flotilla in ascending the Nile. Before, however, that heroic task was too tardily entrusted to the brilliant young commander by Mr. Gladstone, he had overthrown King Koffee and completed the conquest of Zululand. When, therefore, the Arabi rebellion threatened to submerge Egypt in universal ruin, the public judgment unanimously pronounced that Sir Garnet Wolseley was the best among our generals to deal with the upstart. How completely he justified that national pronouncement does not require to be told at any length. Among military experts, there are no two opinions about the cleverness of the manoeuvres which led up to Tel-el-Kebir, or about the dash with which Sir Garnet followed up his initial victory. The whole campaign worked like machinery from first to last, and not without reason voices were heard to say that England had at last got a Moltke of her own.

It was not Lord Wolseley's fault that an equal measure of success did not attend his skilfully devised attempt to relieve Khartoum. Had the order been given as soon as Gordon's precarious position became known to the Government, there is not the slightest question that the effort, so ably planned, so gallantly carried out, would have been crowned with victory. Even as it was, Lord Wolseley only missed by two or three days the additional laurel of breaking the Mahdi's power as he had broken that of Arabi and Koffee. It was a cruel disappointment, and all the more so by reason of the personal esteem, almost amounting to veneration, in which the leader of the expedition held the hero whose life he would have gladly given his own to save. This was the last occasion on which the retiring Commander-in-Chief saw active service, but by no means the last entitling him to be held in honour as a good and faithful servant of the State. Various as were his spheres of duty, even his bitterest detractors have never ventured to allege that he failed to fulfil expectations, high as they were in consequence of the uninterrupted successes of his distinguished career.

It would be wholly premature to attempt even cursory judgment on his occupancy of the great post which he now vacates. Before

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By HALL CAINE,

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THE GOLDEN PENNY.

essaying that it will be essential to ascertain how much of a free hand Lord Wolsley was accorded at the War Office, especially in connection with the South African War. Even anterior to that campaign, there were whispers that the Commander-in-Chief met with rebuffs when urging the necessity of increasing the numerical strength and fighting efficiency of the Army in proportion to the expansion of the Empire which it had to guard. These stories may have been mere gossip, as those other and more malicious tales about a "Wolsley ring" unquestionably were to a very large extent. Their victim was, it is true, wont to favour, in one way or another, officers of whose exceptional competence he had personal cognisance. But if a Commander-in-Chief does his duty he must differentiate the sheep from the goats when filling up the higher appointments; better by far to risk a charge of favouritism than to shirk that solemn obligation. Yet, after all, the proof of the pudding lies in the eating, and the justification of Lord Wolsley's discriminating method may be found in the large number of now distinguished officers trained in his school. The governing principle it taught was to hold life as worthless in comparison with professional distinction, and the founder of the academy gave frequent proof of the earnestness of his own convictions by his dauntless courage in battle.

Lord Wolsley may rest satisfied that he will carry with him on his retirement the sincere good wishes of the nation he has served so loyally, and may console himself for being subjected to harsh and unjust criticisms by remembering that the victor of Waterloo suffered in the same manner for daring to show the courage of his honest convictions. Nor was Lord Wolsley's immediate predecessor spared censure for repeating again and again that if the nation required a larger and more efficient Army, the Chancellor of the Exchequer must loosen the purse-strings more freely. It required the stern teaching of the initial breakdown in South Africa to vindicate the accuracy of that ducal opinion.

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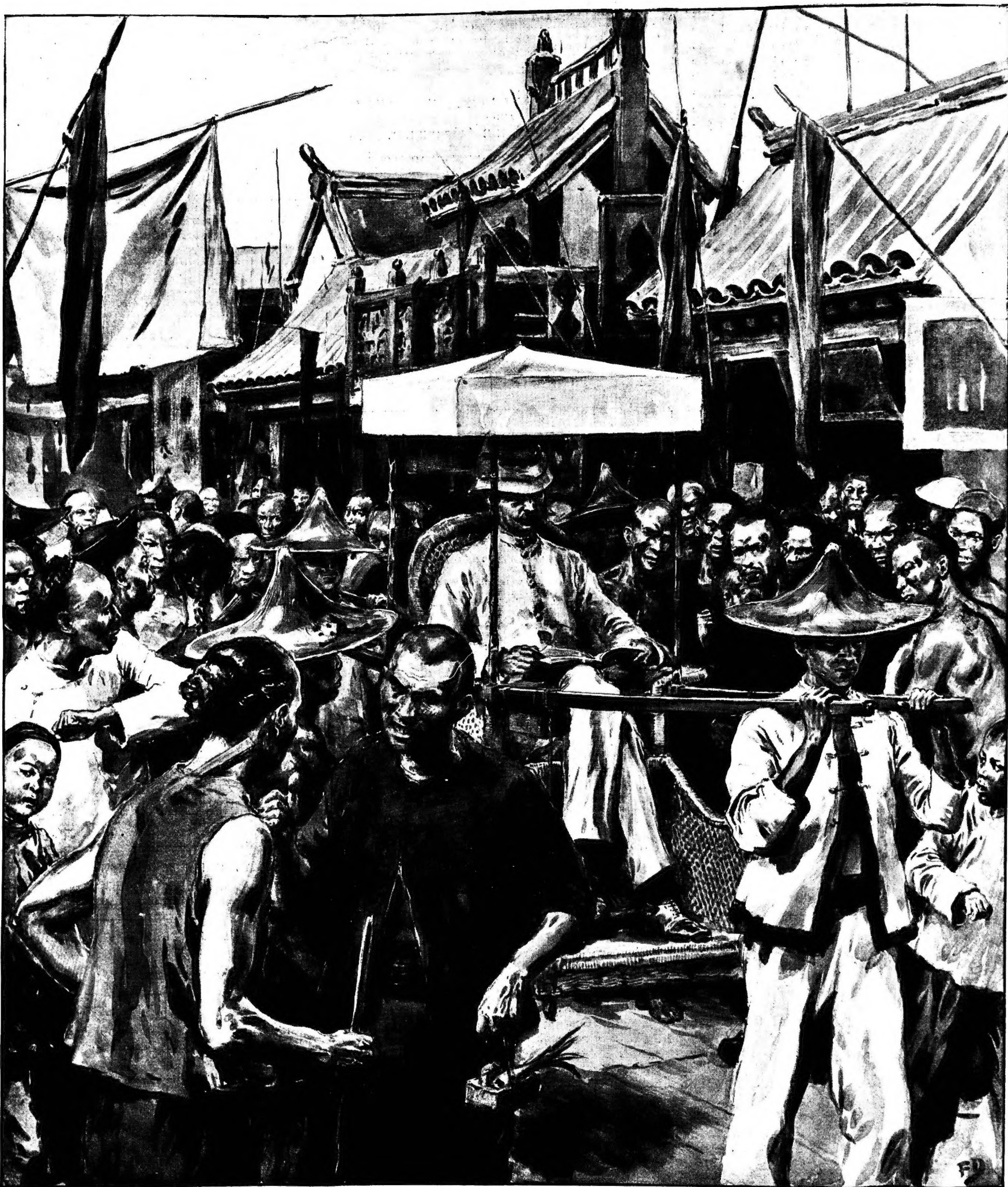
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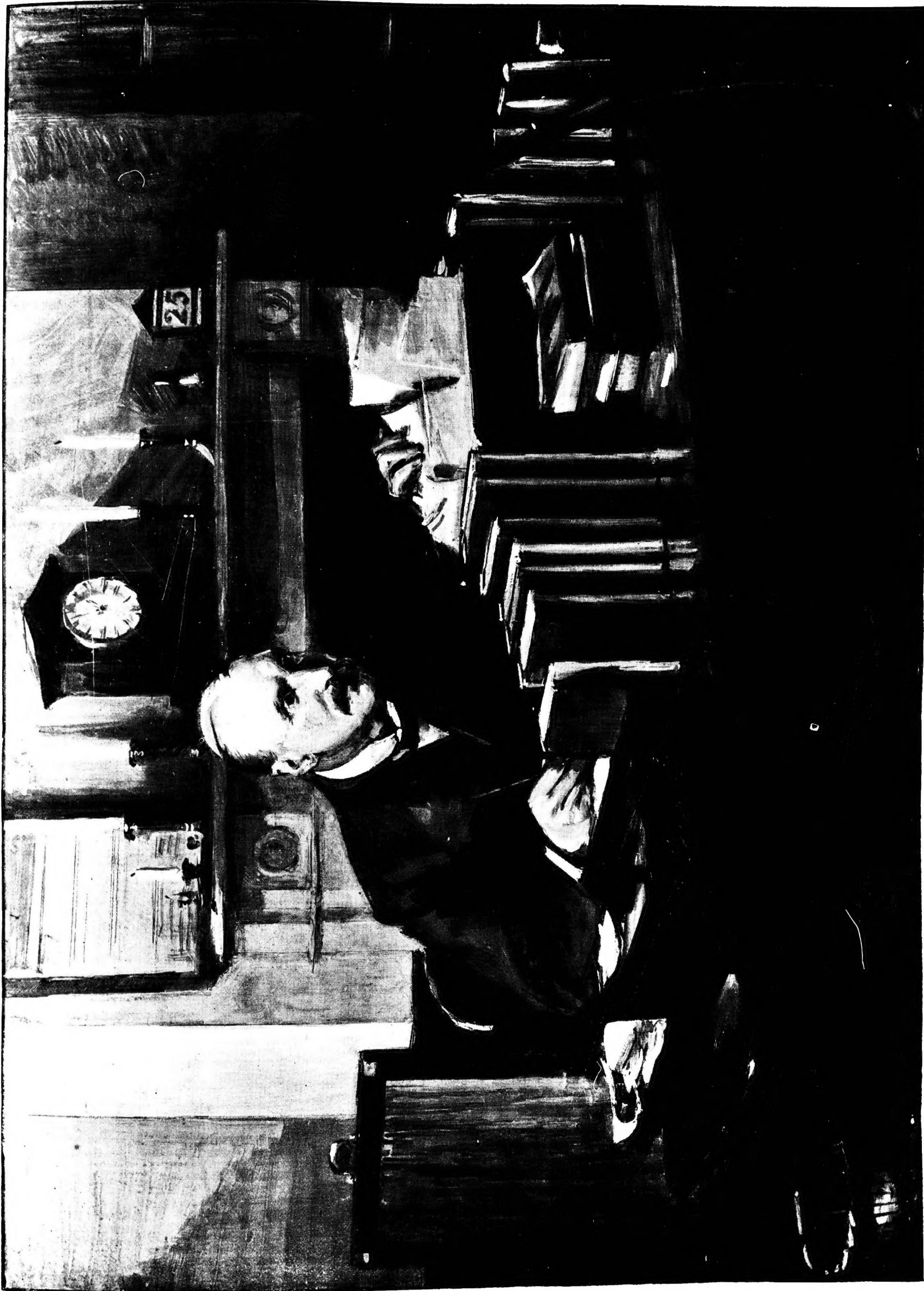
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. MICHIE, JUNR.

Our Correspondent writes:—"I send you a sketch illustrating the present attitudes of Chinese and foreigner in Canton, and, indirectly, all over China. A foreigner is here shown riding in a chair down the street leading to the river steamer wharves and Custom House—not a type of the narrow alleys, called streets, in the city proper—a street notorious for its throng of pirates, thieves and rowdies. The foreigner, apparently unconscious, lounges in his comfortably appointed chair, smokes and reads—unarmed save for prestige. His chair-coolies, in a sort of uniform, make their way through a dense crowd, which, though not actively hostile, expresses sullen hatred in every look and gesture. The long-robed, well-to-do merchant

looks askance or spits contemptuously; the half-naked coolies mutter abuse under their breath and growl out oaths when obliged to make way for the 'foreign devil's' chair; the boat-touts mix abuse with their yells of the destination of their boats—'Fatsan! Kill the devil! 'Shekloong! Cut off his head! The children, safe in their irresponsibility, hawl and shriek unrestrained, the booth-keepers scream their wares in the foreigner's ear as he passes—for the amusement of the crowd. But he rides on, apparently unconscious of it all, turning the page of his book or flipping the ash of his cigar with the utmost indifference and serenity. So that, though willing to wound, all are afraid to strike, and he is safe."

BY PRESTIGE ALONE: A STREET SCENE IN CANTON



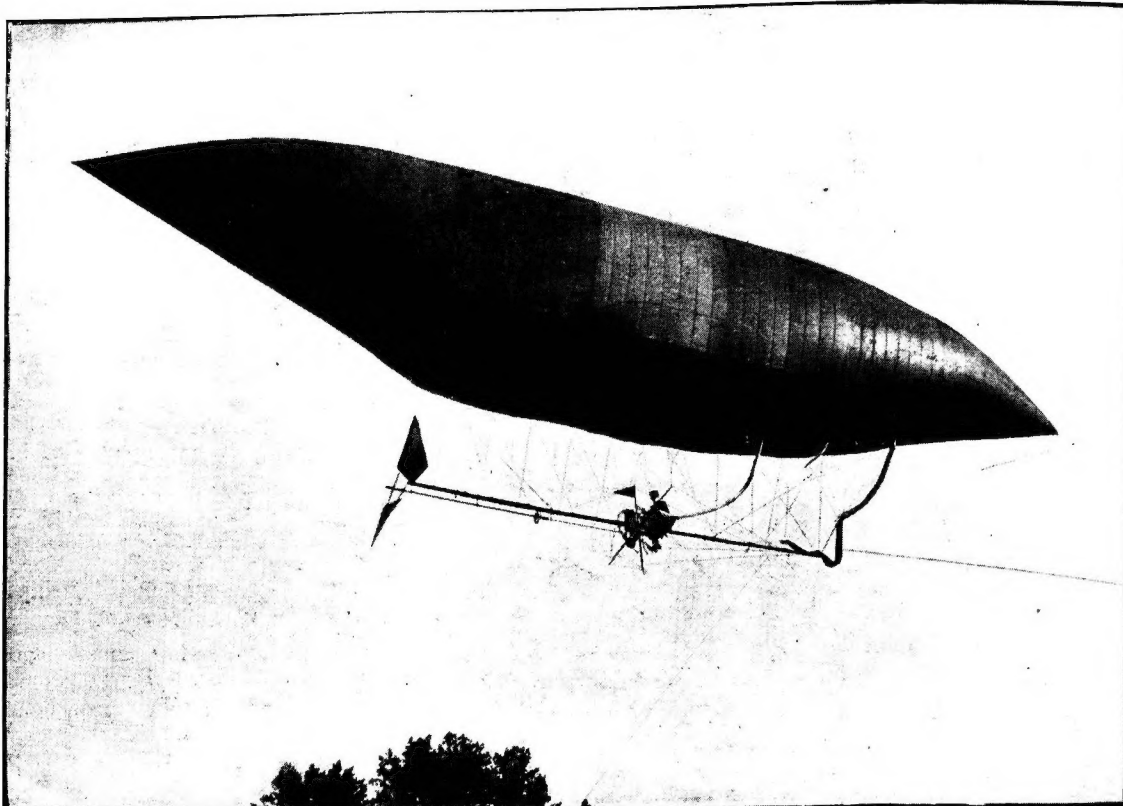
SIR WILLIAM WALROND, THE CHIEF CONSERVATIVE WHIP, IN HIS ROOM AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL

The Court

THE QUEEN will stay at Balmoral about a month longer, as Her Majesty prefers to remain in the bracing Highland air until November sets in. The Prince of Wales has left, but the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their two girls, and Princess Christian, with her daughters, still continue with the Queen, besides Princess Beatrice and her family. Her Majesty has been paying visits to several neighbours—to Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie at Braikley, Lord Glenesk and Miss Borthwick at Glenmuick, and others—while the Princes were out deer-stalking. Visitors join the Royal circle at dinner every evening; the Grand Duke Michael of Russia with Countess Torby, Captain and Lady Sarah Wilson, the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, and Commander the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, being the most recent guests. The Rev. Dr. Macleod also spent Saturday to Monday at the Castle to preach before Her Majesty and the Royal Family on Sunday.

The Prince of Wales is spending a few days with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge. Their life in their Highland home is of the simplest, freest character, and there is plenty of sport for both gun and rod on the Duke's large estate. The Prince, therefore, can either go deer-stalking with the Duke or fishing with the Duchess. A few friends have joined the Mar Lodge party, and on Saturday night the Duke and Duchess entertained their guests with a cinematograph display, reproductions of war scenes in South Africa figuring largely on the programme. The Prince will not go south much before the return of the Princess, who comes home from Denmark early this month. She has spent a very happy holiday at Fredensborg, but the castle is full of sad memories for the Princess, as it was her mother's favourite home. Queen Louise's boudoir is left just as it was in her lifetime, her work and paintings lying about, and a half-finished letter on her blotting-book. Fresh flowers and plants are placed in the room every day. The gardens at Fredensborg are most lovely, stretching down to a lake, where a ruined castle on the opposite bank can claim a Royal spectre. This castle of Gurre was once the hunting-lodge of Valdemar II. of Denmark, and owing to a tragic love story the unhappy King cannot rest in his grave—so says tradition—but wanders about the woods round Fredensborg, and even peeps in at the windows on moonlit nights. To turn from legend to reality, the Princess with Princess Victoria and some of her nephews and nieces spent a day in Copenhagen to see the work of the Royal China Manufactory, and inspect the Royal collection at Rosenborg. They lunched with Princess Maud, and the Princess of Wales also went to Professor Finsen's Institution to hear about the new treatment of lupus by strong rays of light—a subject in which the Princess is deeply interested.

Both the Duke and Duchess of York have come to town from Scotland. The Duchess arrived first from her visit to Lord and Lady Tweeddale, and was joined by her four children who had been staying at Osborne since the early summer. The Duke came later after paying a round of shooting visits in the North, and the Duke and Duchess will now go down to Sandringham for the autumn. Their little boys are particularly interested in all things military, and Prince Edward and his small brothers like to watch



This balloon, known as "Santos Dumont, No. 4," has been in use at the French Army Manœuvres. Observations were made, and successfully communicated to the General's Staff, by a wire attached to it. Our photograph is by P. Raffaele

THE LATEST MILITARY BALLOON

the changing of the guard at St. James's Palace, saluting the Royal Standard as it is carried out of the courtyard.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia have gone home to Kiel. They travelled by the ordinary Flushing express, and had a very rough passage as a gale was blowing.

As the holiday season draws to a close our Princesses are taking up their charitable duties once more. Princess Christian has a long list of bazaars to open, notably one at the Windsor Guildhall, on December 12 and 13, for the sale of Irish industrial work. Princess Beatrice will open the sale on the second day.

The Royal Arctic explorer, the Duke of the Abruzzi, is coming to London next month, and will probably read a paper on his travels before the Royal Geographical Society. He has now gone back to Norway to see his ship laid up and discuss his next expedition with Dr. Nansen. The Duke hopes to start again next spring, and is especially anxious to search for the three missing members of his expedition who were left behind—a Norwegian and two Italians. There are plenty of stores for their use at Cape Flora if the men can reach the depot.

Two Photographic Exhibitions

THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

THE annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society is held this year for the first time at the New Gallery, Regent Street, the change of home being necessary on account of the large number of exhibitors, who could not possibly have found accommodation at the old premises in Pall Mall.

The opinion expressed on all sides is that this is one of the best displays, if not the best, which the parent society has yet had. It is at the same time certainly the most comprehensive of a series which covers nearly half a century, for it includes pictures by both professional and amateur workers, photographic apparatus of all kinds, besides an interesting trade section, showing how universally the camera is now used for the adornment of catalogues and for picturing buildings, machinery, and the like. There is an additional department of no small interest which marks the progress of photography in its more technical and scientific aspects. The visitor is thus enabled to feast his eyes upon a fine pictorial display, while at the same time he is able to see the numerous applications of photography to the arts.

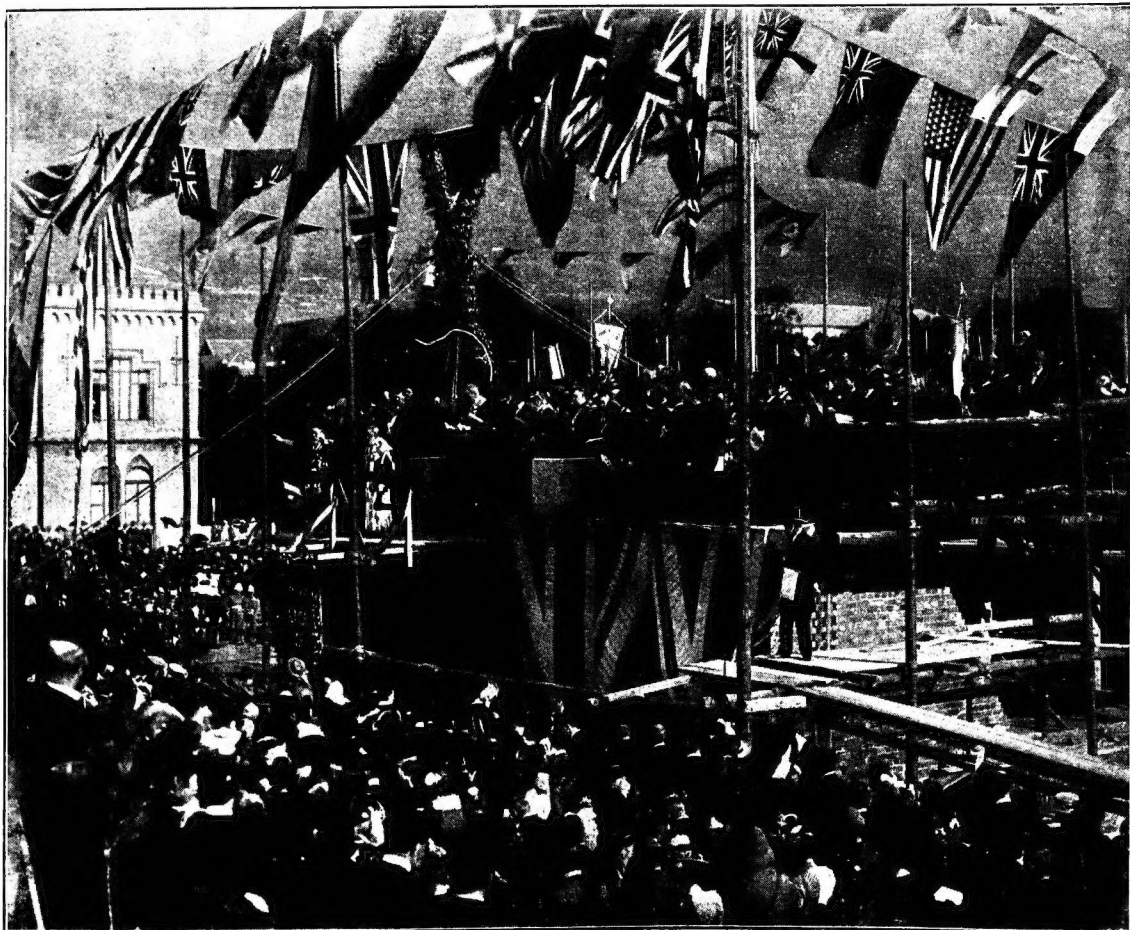
In the Apparatus Section of the Exhibition there are some novelties. The Eastman Company show a cleverly contrived panoramic Kodak, which accomplishes by simple means that which formerly required very intricate apparatus. "Velox" is a method of printing and developing pictures by gaslight, obviating the necessity of a dark room. The simple nature of the operation is demonstrated for the benefit of visitors to the exhibition. The production of an intense light, by which portraiture is possible in any room, is shown at frequent intervals by the Platinotype Company, the illumination being produced by magnesium burning in oxygen. Mr. Sanger Shepherd's method of producing transparencies in the colours of nature by optical means, for use as lantern pictures, is a most ingenious process which will interest many.

The exhibition will be open daily until November 3, and on Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings displays of the optical lantern, illustrating various phases of photography, will be given by experts.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

The exhibition which has been opened at the Dudley Gallery affords many examples of photography at its very best, and by way of contrast many productions which it is very difficult to class as photographs at all. It would be, indeed, a matter of doubt whether at any stage of their production the aid of King Sol had been invoked were it not for the fact that they are found in an exhibition of photographs. Certainly by well-known methods independent of camera or lens, say with a stump and charcoal, similar effects could be readily produced by anyone with an elementary knowledge of drawing, and the critic, if he should happen to be a photographer, cannot help wishing that the negatives from which these curious prints have been made were also open to inspection.

The general committee of the Salon includes some photographers of world-wide fame, and it is a matter for regret that they are not all represented at the present exhibition. That they have done excellent work in showing that photography is capable of better things than were dreamt of in the old days all must admit. But unfortunately they have attracted to their banner a number of plagiarists who seem to be under the impression that in order to confer artistic excellence upon a photograph it is only necessary to render it out of focus, or to give it eccentricity of treatment, while some go so far as to make the picture, if picture it can be called, as unlike the product of the camera as they possibly can. The pure metal as well as the "Brummagem" can be seen at the Salon Exhibition, and happily the one can be readily distinguished from the other by all but the photoladdist himself.



On August 29 the Mayor of Cape Town laid the memorial stone of the new City Hall, which is to be erected on an open site fronting Darling Street and the Parade. A great crowd witnessed the ceremony, at which the Governor, accompanied by his Staff, was present. Our photograph is by E. Peters, Cape Town

LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE OF CAPE TOWN'S NEW CITY HALL



FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

Sir A. J. Newton, the Lord Mayor, who opposed Mr. R. K. Causton in West Southwark, had to fight a very hard fight. In the campaign he received much assistance from the Lady Mayoress, Miss Muriel Newton, Miss Lily and Miss Hilda Hanbury. There are unlovely places in Southwark, but hardly any slum

was too slummy to daunt these enthusiastic ladies. There was a certain amount of risk in the work. The Lady Mayoress ventured into bar-rooms and eating-houses, and, though not always cordially received, spoke to the men there assembled and asked for their votes

IN A HOTLY CONTESTED CONSTITUENCY: THE LADY MAYORESS CANVASSING

"Place aux Dames" Parliamentary Whips An Artistic Causerie

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

By H. W. LUCY

By M. H. SPIELMANN

A NEW departure, necessitated by the South African War, has been the issuing of election addresses and the carrying on of the campaign by the wives of candidates. Mrs. Bagot, Lady Cranborne, Lady Eva Wyndham Quin, and others have acted for their husbands in this matter, while Lady Georgina Curzon, owing to the absence of the candidate at his father's sick-bed, not only opened the proceedings but made a neat little speech on her own account. From speechifying and canvassing it seems but a tiny step to possessing a vote, and no doubt in the near future ladies will at last receive the welcome concession. The Primrose League has, of course, utilised the services of women for some time, and Miss Meresia Neville, Lady Jersey, Lady Ancaster, Miss Selater-Booth, and many others have worked untiringly in the cause.

It seems strange to think of the teeming Oriental life that prospers side by side with Western civilisation and under the shadow of its protection. For instance, and the fact carries with it a breath of English rusticity, we hear of 800 native children living in the Poona Government House compound, to whom Lady Northcote, the Governor's wife, offered a truly British feast of toys and tea, the meal consisting, however, of huge pots of rice and native food instead of the traditional buns and cake. On another day 1,500 white school-children were entertained and amused. These homelike touches bring England back pleasantly to the memories of those numerous officials whose fate it is to live in distant countries, and to pass their years in exile.

A picturesque wedding was that—celebrated in pouring rain, however—of Earl Granville and Miss Nina Baring, the charming girl who latterly resided in her uncle's house at Cairo and dispensed Lord Cromer's hospitality. Lord Granville is a promising young diplomat, and appears to inherit his father's talents and charm of address. Those who knew the late Lord Granville can remember keenly his suave manners, his excellent French, and the neatness and cleverturn of his after-dinner speeches, a talent which is certainly a somewhat rare one in England.

A contemporary gives a very interesting appreciation of Queen Margherita of Italy. Endowed with a strong and self-restrained character, she yet, differing from modern ideas, frankly acknowledged the inferiority of woman, believing that strength and intelligence are due of man, whereas maternity must ever be the chief office of woman. The Queen did not owe these opinions to want of culture, of which she had more than her share acquired by her own efforts. She speaks English, French, and German excellently, can read, like Queen Elizabeth, both Latin and Greek, and has latterly learnt even Serbian and Montenegrin, in order to converse with her daughter-in-law in the latter's native language. Music has engaged her earnest attention, notably the scientific part of it, and her wide reading enables her to converse on most subjects of interest to men of letters and artists.

The penny-in-the-slot machines at railway-stations form at present an agreeable exercise in temper, and the art of bearing disappointments, for intending travellers. One sees a machine labelled perfume or chocolate, one places one's handkerchief beneath, one joyfully drops in one's penny, and, behold, nothing happens! The machine is mute, there is no redress, the penny is gone, and disappointment fills the ardent breast. Perhaps the fortune-teller tempts you—will the dark man love you, or luck turn suddenly, or the deadly enemy be foiled? Anxiously the coin is popped in—but again there is silence. It appears to be a very pretty little practical joke perpetrated by the owners of these toys, wherewith they enrich themselves at the expense of the public. Who is responsible?

Some of the miseries of war are making themselves keenly felt just now, miseries which, stripped of the glamour of victory and the pride of battle, bid fair to darken many a life and sadden many a household. Fine young fellows return daily minus an arm, minus a leg, shattered in health and body, unable to continue their work, unable to remain the breadwinner. What are they to do? In many cases, even officers, are not endowed with worldly goods (one young man I knew whose sole income was 20*l.* a year), they have no relations to assist them, their occupation is gone, and they have, perhaps, neither the inclination nor the power to turn to anything else. These obvious tragedies, never mentioned on the platform or in the Press, are going on all around us and driving sisters, wives and mothers to grief and despair. A promising young existence, full of the joy of life, suddenly wrecked and marred is surely the saddest thing in all the world.

There is a future for unmarried girls in Mashonaland, says General Baden-Powell. The practical Germans have started a gular emigration business for young women to West Africa, and the society that sends out English girls to Africa has done a good business. Most of them are engaged and married almost as soon as they arrive. Of course, the whole success of the experiment turns on the fact that they are the class of girls likely to make good wives for the settlers, that they do not go out haphazard, and that they are provided with situations and start under the auspices and at the expense of the society. When peace once more reigns in South Africa there should be a grand future for women of all classes, especially nurses, teachers, domestic servants, governesses and dress-makers. The number of young men requiring helpmates will be ever increasing, and one of the great miseries of our country, the abundance of superfluous women, thus be successfully relieved.

This is the season of harvest festivals. Altars groan under the weight of pumpkins, marrow melons and bunches of purple grapes. Even the memory of departing summer fails to depress the joyful heart beholding the spoils of the earth, the gifts of Ceres, and the fruits and grasses. And afterwards there are the hospitals, whose happy patients feast their eyes and their palates on the store of delectable good things. It is a pretty and a wholesome thought this of the harvest thanksgiving.

Of all positions connected with Parliamentary life, that of the Whip is at once amongst the most important and the most thankless. To borrow a simile from another field of labour, the Whip is very much like the sub-editor of a daily paper. If things go well his agency is not recognised. If there is a hitch he is sternly held responsible. Nevertheless, there is a fascination about the office outsiders find it difficult to understand. For a private member, there are few things more pleasing than to be invited to join the staff of whippers-in. The pay is poor, the work incessant, but the prize is ever clutched at.

Amongst other peculiarities of the position the Whip is not recognised in the official list of Ministers. He ranks as a junior Lord of the Treasury, drawing his modest thousand a year, double that amount as salary for his chief. In older times the Chief Whip was known as the Patronage Secretary, and had some valuable gifts at his disposal. In these days of preponderance of the Corrupt Practices Act, the patronage at the disposal of the Ministerial Whip is practically non-existent. All the same his position is one of great influence, opening up avenues of high position.

The least thing a Chief Whip can look for is a Peerage. If he is not too far advanced in years he may count on advancement through Ministerial office whilst retaining his seat in the House of Commons. Thus Sir William Dyke, who acted as Whip for the Conservative party under Mr. Disraeli's leadership, was made Vice President of the Council, and everybody wonders why so capable a man, so loyal a colleague, was subsequently shelved. Mr. Akers Douglas, who preceded Sir William Waldron in the office, he now fills to satisfaction of both camps, was appointed on his retirement from the Whips' room to the First Commissionership of Works. Mr. Marjoribanks, Mr. Gladstone's last Whip, on succeeding to the Peerage, was promoted to Cabinet Office. Lord Richard Grosvenor, long his colleague and chief in the Whips' room, was made a Peer. On the other side a similar reward awaited Mr. Rowland Winn when he finally quitted the Whips' room.

Whilst, under the most favourable circumstances, the Whip gets very few halfpence and is liable to constant kicking, there is a period when he draws no salary, is absolutely devoid of political influence, and has but little surcease of work. When his party is turned out of office the Whip crosses the Lobby to a less palatial suite of rooms, and puts in a full day's work without the solace of pay. Neither the work nor the responsibility are so great in Opposition. But they suffice. One duty pertaining to the Ministerial Whip from which the Opposition Whip is relieved is that of keeping a House. To one of the Junior Whips is relegated the duty of seeing that a minimum of forty Ministerialists, as many more as can be got, are dining in the House, and are available in case attempt is made to bring proceedings to a close by a count out.

As soon as questions are over you shall see the Whip going about the Lobby accosting Ministerialists with inquiry, "Will you dine here to-night?" If the reply be in the affirmative the member's name is entered on a list and he is counted upon as a unit in the necessary quorum. There is an old smoking-room story of a new member having just taken the oath being thus accosted. Unfamiliar with the habits of the House, but conscious of his own merit in having held a seat for the Government, he accepted this attention as a slight but not the less pleasing acknowledgment. He was not quite sure whether the invitation meant he was to dine with the leading members of the Government. Certainly the Whip had invited him, and at eight o'clock he was hanging about the Lobby awaiting directions as to the locality of the dinner-table. He knows better now. But the story getting round, there was up to the end of last Session ever a twinkle in the Whip's eye when he put to him the question, "Will you dine here to-night?"

Whilst a muster of forty within sound of the bell averts the danger of a count out, it is desirable in the interests of public business that there should be at least 100 members at the call of the Whip. According to the Standing Orders, the closure is not operative unless the majority voting for it count up to 100. The Ministerial Whip, accordingly, is never happy until he is assured that he can bring in 100 men. On the eve of an important division the duties of the Whips are increased in pressure. Whatever be the nominal strength of his Party he is, or should be, able to account for every man. He knows who are away, why they are absent, and whether their absence is excusable for imperative reasons. If not, and if the member be not paired, it is the Whip's business to see he is brought down to the House in time to vote.

So precise is the system, so accurate the basis of computation that a Whip can generally tell within two or three how an important division will go.

Whilst the House of Commons is sitting the Whip is the trusted means of communication between the Leader of the House or the Leader of the Opposition and their several Parties. He is in close touch with the rank and file of the Party. It would never do for them to go with their grievances, their scruples, or their counsel to the Leader. They look in upon the Whip, who hears all they have to say and reports what he thinks necessary to his Chief. It is a common incident in the course of a night's sitting to see the Whip stroll up to the Treasury Bench, seat himself by the Leader of the House, and enter into earnest conversation. The result is sometimes seen in the Leader interposing in debate and giving it quite a different turn from that on which it may have been started by an earlier speaker on the Treasury Bench.

The British workman who resents a ten-hours' day as excessive would never do for a Parliamentary Whip. His labours begin betimes in the morning and do not close till such hour as the House may adjourn. Other members taking an advantage of slack times and dull debates may pair and go off to dinner. The Whip is chained to the oar. Not the least painful part of his experience is that he must, night after night, eat the dreful House of Commons dinner. This, like other conditions of the service, is more or less cheerfully endured. There is a fascination about the position indefinable, unexplained, but very real. A Leader of Party on either side can always count upon the pick of his capable young men to fill up a vacancy in the Whips' room.

THE subject of the "Old Masters" Exhibition of the Royal Academy is always a topic of the highest interest in artistic circles as the autumn swings round. It is now nearly five years since a really representative "Old Masters" exhibition was held in Burlington House. Leighton, Millais, Van Dyck, Rembrandt have followed each other in succession, and have in turn occupied the academic walls, each for himself with what delightful effect and excellent result the reader need hardly be reminded. This winter modern art is to be again represented—ten years of British painting. The idea is a good one, and it springs from complicated motives, the foremost of which is the vindication of the moderns against the tyranny of Dead Painters.

It was in such a spirit that the Rev. Dr. Franklin, the original Chaplain to the Royal Academy, wrote, it is said, the verses which, set to music, were sung by Mr. Beard at the very first banquet of the great society—following on Mr. Hull's grandiloquent song beginning "Let Science hail this happy year . . . Where art's unrivall'd shall remain; where George protects the polish'd Train!" Dr. Franklin had already composed the poem, "When Discord late her baneful influence shed," to celebrate the institution of the Academy, and felt himself free to utter a little practical satire in the course of the evenings. He begins:

When good Mr. Christie tricks out his fine show,
All is not gold which there glitters, we know;
But with pompous fine titles he humbugs the town,
If the names are but foreign the trash will go down.

Such arts we disclaim and such tricks we despise,
On their own little pinions our eaglets shall rise;
And, upheld by your praises, perchance they may soar
To the summit of fame which they ne'er reached before.

When strong prepossession no longer shall blind,
Nor the shackles of prejudice fetter the mind;
The beauties of truth then old Time shall unveil,
And merit o'er folly and fashion prevail.

The elegant company assembled at the St. Albans Tavern in the year 1769, differed not greatly in opinion from the Royal Academy of 1900, when it is thought that the men of the day may legitimately show the best of their pictures, and how well they improve with time; and, maybe, afford means of reflection on the advantages of collecting modern works as well as ancient.

The statement that Mr. Mortimer Menpes was to stand for an Irish constituency was, no doubt, very amusing, but, unfortunately, was not true. As a champion shot he might have held his own had there been any fighting to be done, but as a representative of the arts of peace his place was hardly at the hustings. Yet we badly want at Westminster a Member for Art, who would take charge of the aesthetic matters and fight the cause of public taste, of the artistic community, and of the great, half-starved galleries. Mr. Menpes, if elected, would not have been the first. Sir James Thornhill was a member for Melcombe Regis, and Nat Dance, R.A., when he became Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland and a wealthy man on marrying Mrs. Dummer and her eighteen thousand a year, became, and for many years remained, the representative in Parliament of East Grinstead. But he was no longer an artist then; his head was turned and he withdrew from the Academy, bought up all the pictures he had painted on which he could lay hands, and burned them without a qualm. Perhaps he was a good critic. Why should not the painters be represented in the House nowadays? Altdorfer was an M.P. four hundred and fifty years ago.

A strange imbroglio is likely to be raised, it is said, over the award of no fewer than three Grand Prix in the section of painting at the Paris Exhibition by which, strictly speaking, the awards are invalidated. The rules limit pictures eligible for exhibition to those painted before May 1, 1889. To this rule the British Fine Arts Committee loyally adhered, and so sacrificed a number of extremely desirable works. Others have been less particular, and M. Dagnan-Bouveret, M. Alfred Stevens, and Mr. Whistler, who have all sent prohibited works, for which the highest honours have been granted, find themselves in the position of defendants.

The wonderful table-cover of the Girdlers' Company—in reality a magnificent Lahore carpet of about 260 years old—has recently been cleaned and framed, and through the efforts of Mr. Purdon Clarke, identified. It is probably one of the finest in existence, and was presented to the Company by one John Bell, a mister. The extraordinary thing is that Bell obtained the carpet from the East India Company on giving his indemnity for the cost, as the exact amount had not been notified from India, and there is no record that the sum ever was paid; so that we have this curious fact—that if the original cost of the carpet was only 50*l.*, it would now be worth, at five per cent. compound interest, not less than 13,507,200*l.*, which, as Mr. Purdon Clarke properly observes, would be dear even for the carpet made of jewels which Mahomet's generals captured at the siege of Damascus.



THE MANŒUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A WELCOME REST AT MID-DAY

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY J. HOYNCK

THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATION

A DIARY BY THE LATE J. G. HANCOCK, STUDENT INTERPRETER

THE following interesting diary of "The Siege of the Peking Legation" was written by Mr. J. G. Hancock, a student interpreter, news of whose death from typhoid was received a few days ago. He died after only eight days' illness in Peking about September 19. Interesting letters from Mr. Hancock on the situation in Peking to his father have, it may be remembered, appeared in the *Daily Graphic*, and have been quoted in our columns. Mr. Justinian George Hancock was the eldest son of Mr. Henry J. Hancock, and was born in 1876. He was educated at the Philological School, and passed into the Consular Service in 1898. He was a most promising student, having gained the first prize in Chinese amongst his fellow-students in the last examination. In Peking he was a prominent member of the Dramatic Club, and was well known as a good all-round sportsman.

Peking, July 18, 1900.

I am taking advantage of a lull in hostilities to commence the account of the events of the last few weeks. The Boxers entered the City on June 13, and burned down between that date and the



THE LATE MR. J. G. HANCOCK
Died of typhoid at Peking

19th all foreign buildings outside the cordon which was immediately formed round the Legations. During these few days we had several brushes with these fanatics, and rescued several hundred native Christians from wholesale slaughter, when the Nan T'ang, the Roman Catholic Cathedral built two hundred and more years ago, was burned. These refugees were placed in the courtyard of Prince Su's palace, which lies within our lines. We imagined that our troubles would be limited to

these Boxer outbreaks, when suddenly, on June 19, the Ministers received a despatch from the Tsungli-Yamén, stating that foreign troops had bombarded the Taku forts, and that all foreigners would, therefore, have to leave Peking by 4 p.m. on the next day. This came as a tremendous surprise to us. We had received no news from Tientsin for over a week, and it was evident that our reinforcements under Admiral Seymour and Colonel Vozack had been forced to retire. To withdraw was madness, as the great number of women and children, and the necessary number of carts to carry our provisions and ammunition, would have made too unwieldy a column for quick or effective action. The Ministers replied that they would leave if the Yamén could guarantee our safety, and appointed an early hour on Wednesday morning for an interview with the Yamén. It was a sign of the times that a few days previously Prince Tuan, father of the recently appointed Heir Apparent, and foster-father of the Boxer movement, had been made a member of the Yamén. On the Wednesday morning (20th), a little before the remainder of the Ministers, Baron von Ketteler, the German representative, accompanied by his interpreter, Herr Cortes, proceeded to the Yamén. On their way they were fired on by soldiers posted in loopholed houses. The Minister was killed immediately by a bullet through the head, and the interpreter was wounded in the thigh. He managed to escape to the American Mission near at hand, and later was removed to the British Legation. This act of treachery proved the intention of the Chinese authorities, and orders were immediately given for all foreign residents to remove into the British Legation.

The Beginning of the Siege

Then began a great scene of activity. Flour, rice, and stores of all descriptions that could be found within our lines were hurriedly brought into the Legation compound, and refugees from all parts were quartered in the different houses in the Legation. It is surprising that so much was done with so little loss of time, and by 4 p.m. we had all non-combatants safely housed, still, however, holding our various positions as before. A strong earthwork was erected at the main gate, the Japanese seized the whole of Prince Su's Fu, and we began to settle down. Our position was necessarily confined. From east to west we extended about half a mile, commanded the whole length of the city wall, and from north to south about 400 yards. At 4 p.m. to the minute firing began at the Austrian Legation, and the siege opened. Our numbers were as follows:—Within the British Legation, 191 men, 147 women, and 76 children; outside the Legation, 54 men, two women and three children. This number does not include Marines, of whom there were 460, divided as follows:—British 75, Russian 75, French 75, Austrian 60, Italian 50, German 50, American 50, Japanese 25. The number of fighting men was probably not over 500. The remainder were all armed, but were not to be called upon unless a general rush was made. At about six o'clock, the Rev. Hubert James, professor of English at the Imperial University, was seen approaching the stone bridge north of the British Legation, on which were stationed men of General Tung's command, who had been appointed to protect us from the Boxers. He was seen to go forward and hold out his hand, his intention evidently being to talk to the men, but he was immediately fired on. He stumbled and ran out of sight, when he must have been shot down. He had done a lot of good work in housing the Christian refugees in Su's Fu, and his loss was serious. On the 21st sniping began from loopholed houses north of the Fu, but we went on busily with our fortifications and foraging, the native converts proving very useful. A committee was formed, and each department was detailed to various staffs. The Austrian Legation was evacuated, the Marines falling back on to the

French Legation. The Austrian and Italian Legations, both of which were first evacuated, were immediately burned, and this movement exposed the Customs buildings and Sir Robert Hart's house, all of which were destroyed during the next few days. Then began a series of direct attacks upon the Legation. On the 22nd, in the afternoon, a Chinese building directly under our wall was fired. Our fire engines were speedily got into action, and we managed to get the fire under before any damage was done to any Legation buildings. A party of men went out and destroyed a temple, south of our south stables, which was too near to be pleasant, and which, if fired, would prove very dangerous. Sniping continued all day, and a British Marine was killed. On the 23rd, at about 11 a.m., a very violent rifle attack was made from the Hanlin College, which is directly north of the Legation. It was—for it is now no more—full of buildings and compounds which offered excellent cover. Finding that rifle fire was of no avail, they tried to burn us out again, this time from the Hanlin. They fired a building almost adjoining our north stable, which at one time seemed doomed, but we worked with a will at our buckets and engines, and at last the danger was over. In the afternoon they made a further attempt in the same quarter, but this was beaten off with equal success, and we finished our third day of siege. We were now forced to commence eating horse flesh, of which luckily we have a very large supply, as the suddenness of the ultimatum had given us no opportunity of bringing in any live stock but twenty or so sheep, which were reserved for women and children and the hospital.

The Attack of June 24th

The next day we had to meet the most serious attack that had as yet been made. A Chinese house adjoining the west side of our north stables was fired. As soon as it commenced numbers of our ponies stampeded, and several galloping beyond our lines were picked off by the Chinese snipers. The fire seemed to be spreading to the stables themselves and we set to work to pull them down, the Chinese men firing at the wall between us and them, and a huge red flag waved ominously from the roof of a house a few yards off. They then fired the large wooden gate of the stables, throwing bricks over the while, and firing through the woodwork at our lines of coolies passing up buckets to supply the engines. Our machine gun was brought up to stop any rush, and hundreds of sandbags were filled and placed behind the gate, and in a short time any danger of a rush from that quarter was over. In the meantime we made a breach in the wall. A party of 10 Marines, under Captain Halliday, went out to drive the Chinese from the houses. Captain Halliday was shot through the shoulder as he went through, but he emptied his revolver into the crowd, killing or disabling three before he was forced to retire. Captain Strouts, in command of the detachment, then took charge and was hit by a bullet on the left cheek, which stunned him but did not disable him. The Marines advanced and then charged through at the crowd. A great number were killed and wounded, and several rifles, spears, swords, and bandoliers of cartridges were captured. One Marine was wounded. A party of Germans seized the wall of the city behind their Legation, and built up a strong barricade, the Americans doing the same towards the west, behind their Legation. This was an important step, as it prevented any heavy guns being brought into action from our direct south. In the afternoon a breach was made in the Hanlin wall, and we occupied a small compound, which had been gradually strengthened and extended, and our position there was a very strong one. After the Italian Legation was burned the Italians were sent to reinforce the Japanese in the Fu. Sniping and heavy firing was the order of the day, but for the number of shots fired it is wonderful that the casualties were so few, most of them being from stray or random shots.

A Bogus Decree

On the evening of the 25th a white board was brought by a few soldiers waving a red flag and hung upon the North Bridge. On it, in Chinese characters, was "We have received an Imperial Decree, ordering us to protect the Ministers and cease firing. A despatch will be handed on the North Bridge." We sent a man, bearing a white flag, with a board stating that in obedience to the Decree we would receive the despatch. He walked towards the bridge, and several soldiers, some mounted, passed across. On his arrival he was threatened by soldiers on the Imperial City Wall and returned, having received no despatch. In the meantime a party of our men had gone through the Hanlin to the gate, and there they saw a number of soldiers, several of whom came across and told them that Yung Lu had given orders that they were to cease fire. Several soldiers crossed the bridge, one of them taking off one of our ponies who had stampeded during the fire and had not been shot. Our guards were doubled all round, and about midnight an attack was made in every direction. The only danger from these heavy rifle attacks lay in stray bullets. The Chinese soldier does not show himself in the open. He gets behind a wall, puts his rifle over the top, takes no aim, and pulls the trigger. All you can see is the flash, as his head is well under cover all the while. On the 26th there was nothing of importance to record beyond the usual sniping and heavy rifle fire at night, which a volley or so from our lines soon quieted. As our ammunition was very scarce, no one anticipating so large a trouble when our guards were sent up, no sniping was possible. On the 27th, which was the first day of the Chinese moon, and a very favourable opportunity in the Chinese mind for a successful attack, a vigorous fusillade was kept up all day and night. The Chinese broke into the north wall of the Fu, but were driven out again at the point of the bayonet by a united charge of Japs, British and Italians. The morning of the 28th opened quietly, but on this date shelling began. One gun was stationed east of the Fu, another was placed at the Chien Mén, facing the American barricade, and another in Legation Street. These fired continually, but as the shells did not burst properly not so much damage was done as it was first feared would be possible. In the evening, about 6.30, a heavy gun was placed at the south-west corner of the Mongol market, and trained on to the stable quarters of the Legation. The building was hit time after time, and the top rooms both wrecked. A heavy rifle fire was kept up the whole time, but no advance into the open was made, and no weakening of our defences resulted. Early in the morning a sortie was made to take this gun, but beyond burning a few houses nothing was done. The same morning, about 3 a.m., a sortie was made through a breach in the Carriage Park wall with the intention of destroying a barricade

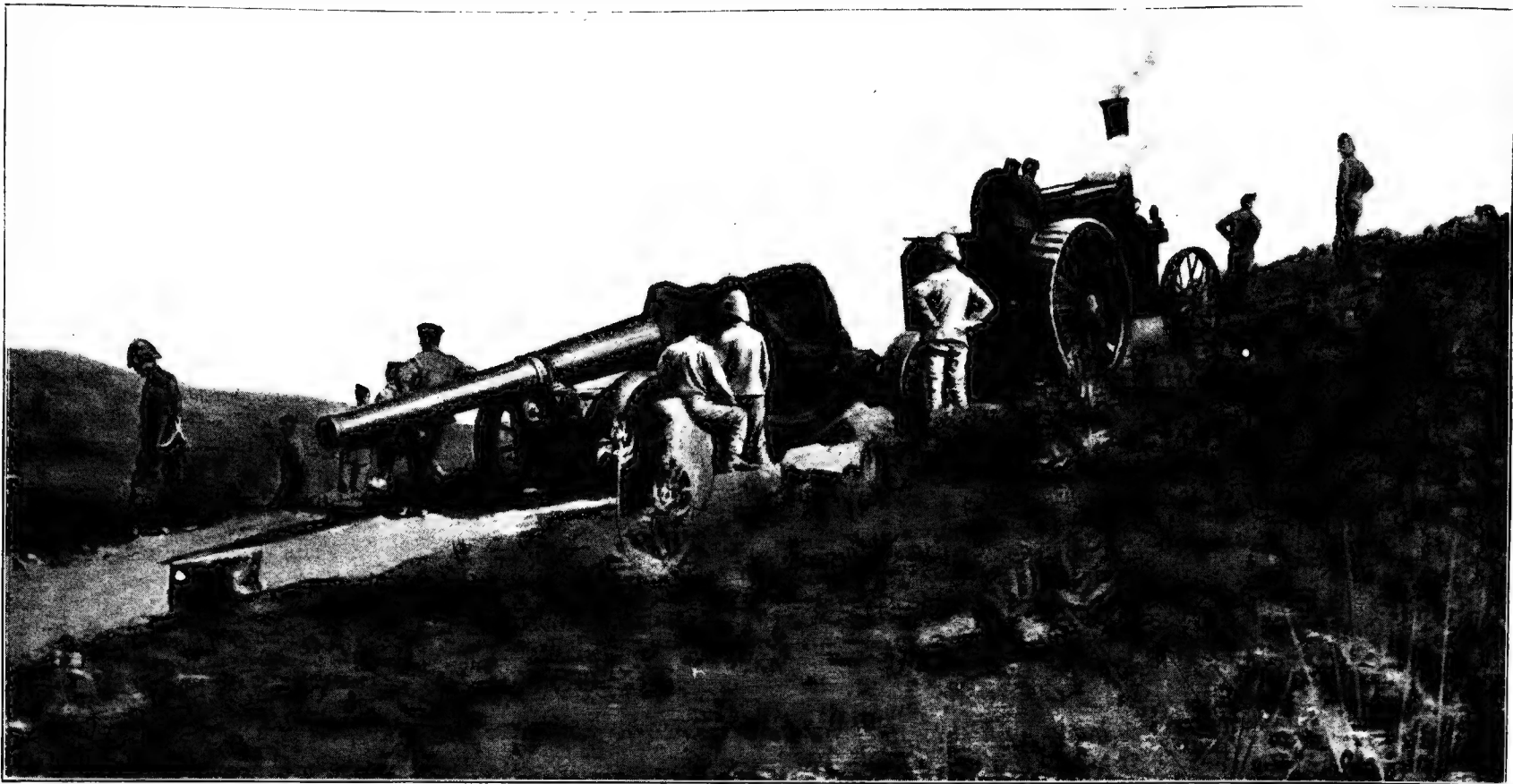
erected in the north-west corner of the Park. Our intention was discovered just as we reached it, and before we had time to fire the building we were opposed by a heavy rifle fire from two sides and compelled to withdraw. The attack, however, made the Chinese very cautious in that direction, and a few days later, after we had planted one or two shells from the Italian 1-pounder into the barricade, all attack from that direction ceased. On the 29th, the big gun was fired continually in the Fu, and the Chinese managed to gain a foothold. They set fire to one of the chief buildings, and the Japs were forced to retire to their next line of defence, and it would have taken a very determined attack to drive the little fellows from their positions. The French barricade was very hard pressed and reinforcements had to be sent. On the wall, too, the Germans and Americans, both of whom were opposed by big guns, and barricades a few yards in front of them, had a bad time, several being killed and wounded. The French lieutenant was killed on the barricade. The Russo-Chinese Bank was evacuated, thus exposing the Russian barricade, but we still managed to hold it. At 10 p.m. a very heavy thunderstorm came up, and simultaneously there commenced the heaviest fusillade that has been made. It lasted until 4 a.m., and it has been estimated that 60,000 rounds were fired. Not a foreigner was touched. The big gun was brought nearer on the 30th, and the Chinese made a further advance in the Fu, reinforcements having to be sent over. Several buildings in the Legation were struck by shells. The afternoon and evening were very quiet.

The Sortie of July 1st

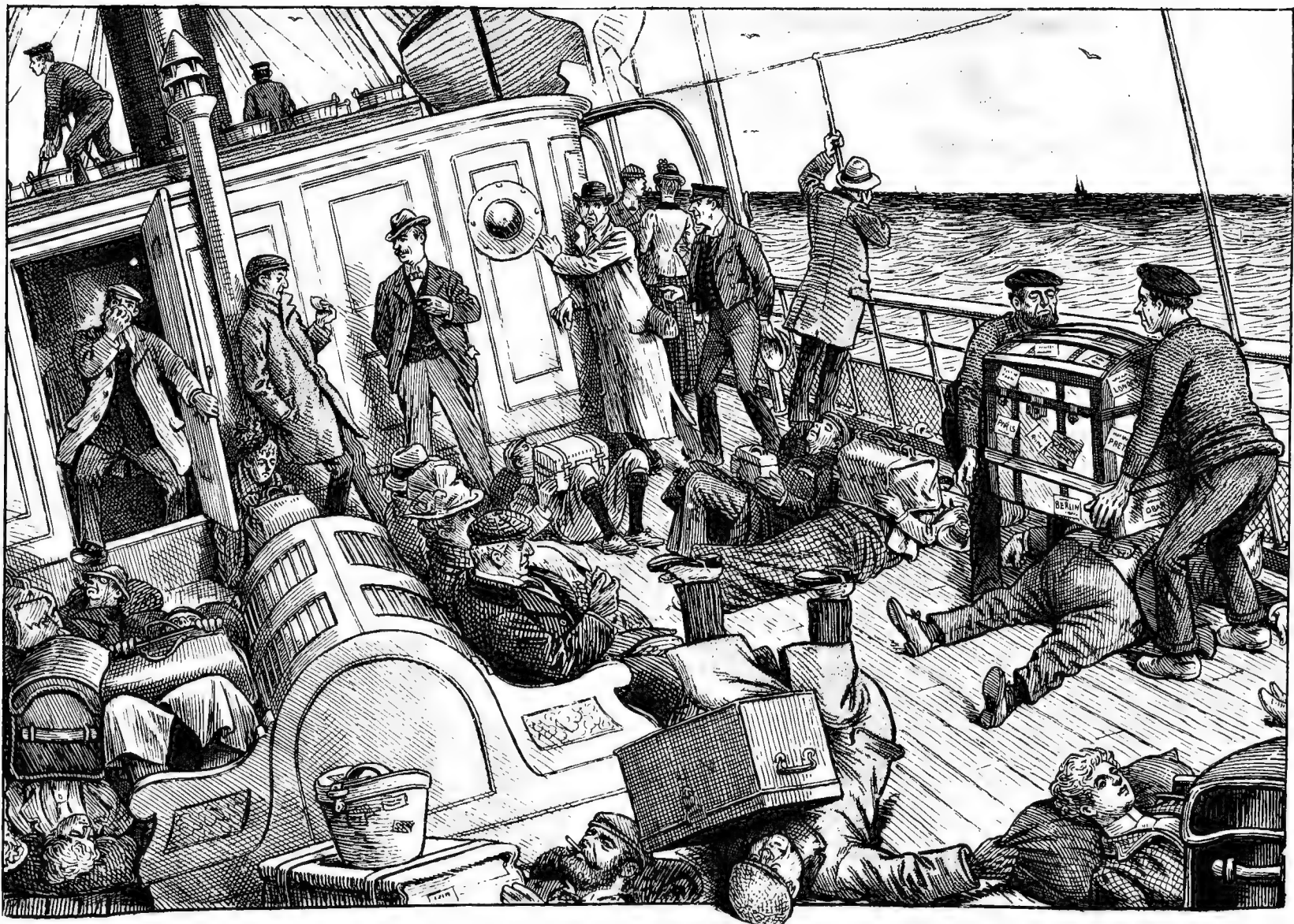
On Sunday morning the Germans abandoned their position on the wall. This exposed the American rear, and they, therefore, had to withdraw. Orders were immediately given for more sandbags, and in a short time hundreds were stitched and filled. They were made of all sorts of materials, from silk, satin, and velvet, down to sheets and pillow-cases. These were hurried over to the United States Legation, and a barricade, in the rear of the one originally built by the Americans, was rapidly erected. This secured the position, and a party of British and Americans retook the position. The French barricade, too, was abandoned in the morning, the shell fire being so deadly, but the fact was not discovered by the Chinese, so that it was reoccupied without opposition. In the afternoon a sortie was made from the Fu to capture the big gun that had been proving too dangerous. A party consisting of about 30 Italians and French, six British Marines, and five British students, under the Italian commander, were to make the chief attack, while the Japs, under Colonel Shiba, made a feint. Owing to some mistake, the main body was taken down the wrong lane, and when they charged found themselves faced by a stone barricade, ten feet high, and loopholed in two tiers. To make matters worse the Chinese opened fire on them from houses on the left of the lane, which is only a few yards wide, and the position was found untenable. Luckily there was a breach in the north wall of the Fu, and directly on their right, which had been made by the Chinese when they forced their way in and were driven out again. Through this small opening they had to retire. The Japs, finding they had not reached their position, also retired. The losses were three killed and eight wounded, including the Italian commander. There was very little rifle firing during the daytime. On the 2nd the heavy gun was firing all day. The Hotel de Peking was shelled very severely, but it has not been abandoned, M. Chamot, the proprietor, and his wife, who is an excellent shot, with one or two volunteers, having made a most plucky stand. The Chinese fired another building in the Fu, and the Japs had to withdraw to their next line. Several were killed. On the wall affairs were very quiet. Early in the morning of the 3rd a good piece of work was done. The Chinese had built their barricade on the wall in such a way that they were now almost touching the Americans, and at the corners they had commenced a brick tower. This would have driven us out of our position if they had been allowed to finish it. A party of British, Americans, and Russians attacked the Chinese barricade at the point of the bayonet and carried it, inflicting much loss on the Chinese. Captain Myers, of United States Detachment, was wounded, one American killed and one wounded. During the night a few feeble attacks had been made on various positions, but it was noticed that crackers formed a great feature. Evidently they imagine the bigger the noise the greater fright we are in.

An Artillery Duel

The 4th was a very quiet day. It rained all the morning, which probably kept the Chinese quiet for a bit. At night two of the usual night attacks were made. The Chinese used rockets and fire-balls, which they threw into our lines. On the 5th we extended our fortifications in the Hanlin. One or two snipers were about, and fired on the working parties, and Mr. D. Oliphant, of the Consular Service, was killed. His loss was felt by everyone, as he was one of the most popular men up here. In the afternoon two muzzle-loaders were unmasked behind the Imperial City Wall, at a distance of about 300 yards to our north. They fired solid shot, and soon found the range, striking the students' quarters after one or two rounds. We used the Italian 1-pounder against the barricades behind which they had been placed, and also sniped at every man that showed himself in working the gun, so that the firing was not very incessant. The German Legation and hotel were badly shelled. In the evening an attack was made in the Fu. The next day the guns on our north were very active, shot after shot falling into our lines. Fortunately, no one has been touched by these guns during the whole time they have been used. The roofs of the buildings were not improved in appearance, and some of our walls had been knocked about considerably, but that was luckily all the damage that had been inflicted. We had a lucky find in the shape of some shells in the Russian Legation, which had been kept down a well for safety. Some were spoiled by water, but the greater number were quite effective. The question then arose how to utilise them, and the Americans commenced making a gun out of some parts of a fire-pump bound with iron. But we were not forced to use this, as by a great coincidence an old British muzzle-loader was dug up in a Chinese shop. This was fitted on to the wheels of an Italian ammunition carriage, and, when all was ready, was fired by an American gunner. The "International" has done quite a lot of work in blowing up the enemy's barricades. The Japs made a further attempt to capture the big gun, but failed, losing one officer. A third gun was placed on the Imperial wall. Several balls entered Sir Claude's house, one crashing through the dining-room. The French



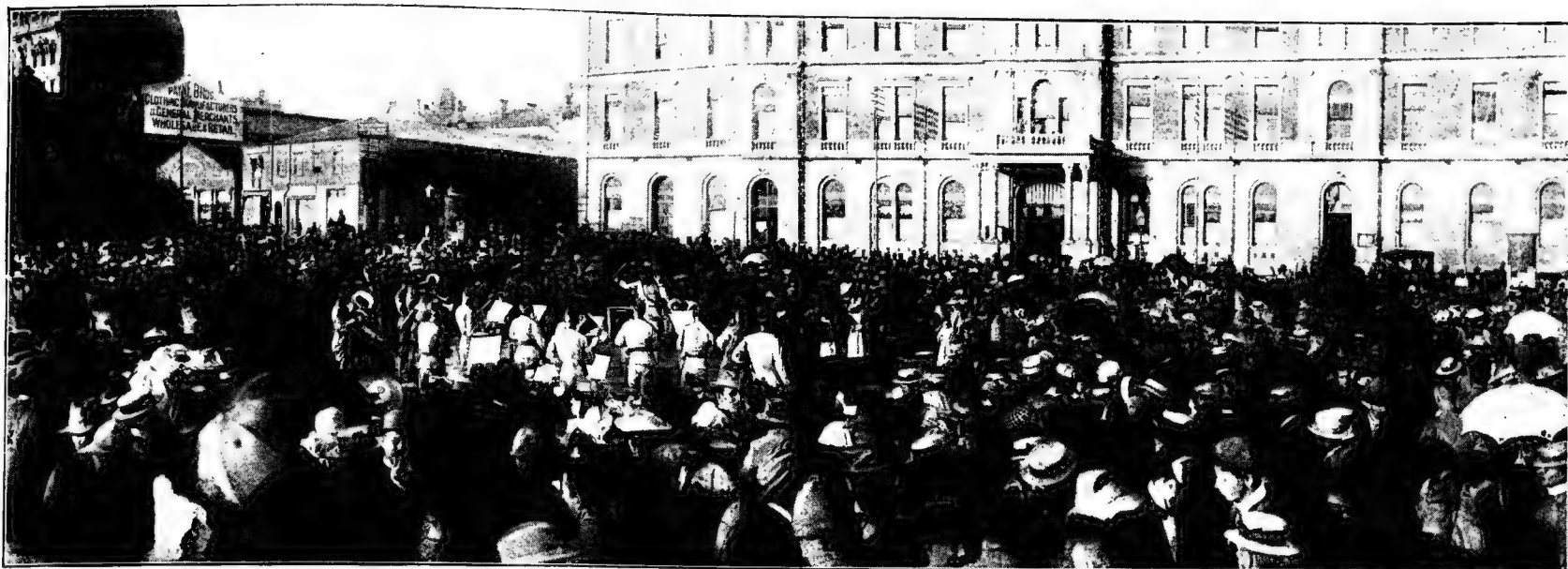
TAKING A 6-INCH GUN UP THE STEEP SLOPE TO THE EAST FORT AT PRETORIA
A NEW USE FOR A TRACTION ENGINE



The latest cure for seasickness is at least original. According to a St. Nazaire newspaper all the traveller has to do is to lie down and place a Gladstone bag on his stomach. The spectacle of fifty passengers from Dover to Calais lying on the sloping decks, each under his luggage, varying in size from a lady's purse to a large Saratoga trunk, would be most imposing, and would ensure the enthusiasm of all spectators

A NEW CURE FOR SEASICKNESS: WHAT WE MAY EXPECT ON THE CHANNEL BOATS

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



This illustration of a military band performing in the Market Square for the first time since the town was occupied by our troops, shows that although the inhabitants who had to leave on the outbreak of war

have not yet returned, a goodly crowd can be gathered on so interesting an occasion. Our photograph is by H. W. Nicholls

JOHANNESBURG UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

Competitions on the Sand

THROUGHOUT August and the early part of September the workers of the Children's Special Service Mission voluntarily devoted their time and energies to the work of evoking interest and sympathy among children for the foreign missions. For this purpose some sixty or seventy popular seaside resorts were visited during the holiday season, and attractive services were conducted on the beach. A somewhat novel feature was introduced into one of these services. As soon as the sea receded a tract of the beach, about 100 ft. square, was

roped off, and a large outline map of the African continent sketched out upon the sand. The coast line was marked by a continuous row of big white stones; the lakes and rivers were represented by green patches and lines of fresh seaweed; mounds of sand took the place of mountains and were capped with salt instead of snow. All the materials for these preparations were gathered by the children. The important towns were shown on the map by sand castles, into each of which was inserted a white stick carrying a card clearly printed with the name of the place it represented. There is an old saying, "First the missionary, then the trader. Which was first in the field in this case we cannot

say. Anyhow, the utilisation of the sand as a means of advertisement of missions found its counterpart in the competitions on the sand organised by Bovril, Ltd., and other well-known firms. These firms gave handsome prizes to children for the best design made in the sand. One firm of distillers so contrived the competitions that the design should be a direct advertisement of their whisky. The matter was brought before the local Town Council, where a Councillor denounced this particular competition as demoralising to the children. The head of the distillery firm, also a Councillor, said he did not think that wrong could be made by getting children to construct certain letters with shells.



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ROYAL CENTRAL PHOTO COMPANY, Bournemouth

A NOVELTY AT THE SEASIDE: A SAND COMPETITION

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

The Kaiser's Firmness

THE most important Chinese news of the week comes from Berlin, and takes the shape of the Kaiser's very downright answer to the Chinese Emperor's plea for peaceful relations. The brother of the Sun and Moon had expressed his regret for the murder of Baron Von Ketteler, and has notified to the Emperor William his intention to offer sacrifices on an altar and to have a libation poured out for the dead man. But the Kaiser has not the least intention of being satisfied by such atonement. In his report—a kind of document which has very rarely indeed been addressed by one Sovereign to another—he reminds the Kwang-Su that it is not merely a matter of the murder of an Ambassador, although even that was “infamous,” and “scorned all civilisation,” but that the deaths of a great number of missionaries and native Christians who “have gone before God's throne . . . and appear as



THE LATE MR. WALTER E. TOWNSEND
Who died of typhoid fever

accusers of your Majesty” will have to be atoned for. The advisers who instigated the crimes that have “filled all Christian nations with horror” must, the Kaiser reminds his correspondent, “be punished for their misdeeds,” and that is the only atonement he can accept, provided always that it is followed by guarantees for the security of the lives and property of foreigners in China. The Emperor also expresses his desire to see Kwang-Su back in his capital and promising him his protection.

The Mystery of Prince Tuan

This very incisive communication can hardly fail to convince the Emperor of China, or those who may be speaking and acting in his name, that the time has come to make an end of cunning and chicanery and to deal straightforwardly with the Powers. Nobody is deceived any longer by farces such as that which has been playing lately regarding Prince Tuan, the leading villain of the whole drama. First we were informed that he had been appointed Grand Secretary to the Emperor in spite of the fact that His Majesty “holds him and various others entirely responsible for the bloodshed that has taken place.” But, on the other hand, there has been issued an Imperial Edict “of great length,” dated Tai-yuen-fu, declaring that “the Throne is not responsible for the present situation, which has rather been brought about by favour shown to the Boxers by certain Princes and great dignitaries. The latter must accordingly be punished,” and the Edict in question then proceeds to enumerate certain Princes, including Tuan, and other high personages whose names convey no clear or concrete notion of identity to the European mind, but who are to be degraded and condemned to varying kinds of punishment, none of them apparently of the capital degree, such as may “serve as a warning to others,” as was the case, for example, with the Jameson raiders. Rumour, so far, has outstripped the facts by ascribing to Count Waldersee the delivery of an ultimatum to the Chinese Government, but the sense of such an ultimatum will be equally brought to the mind of this Government, however constituted, by the Kaiser's letter, and when it finds that the German Field-Marshal has established his headquarters, as he intends doing, in one of the Imperial palaces at the Forbidden City, just as the Germans, during their great war with France, may be said to have established themselves in the Palace of Versailles. A large portion of the German troops in China will also concentrate at Peking, though as to the other Powers it is said that they will each reduce their Legation guards to about a couple of hundred men. The chiefs of those Legations would appear to have all sent an informal note to Prince Ching suggesting the return of the Emperor and Court to Peking. Japan, as was only to be expected, has heartily agreed to the German proposal that all negotiations for a general settlement must be preceded by the handing over to the Powers of the instigators of the Boxer malefactions; but we have not yet heard of England's acceptance of what the Americans declare to be a new principle of public law.

The Russians in Manchuria

The briskest military activity has been recorded on the part of the Russians during the week, who have occupied Kirin in Manchuria

with a strong force of cavalry under General Rennenkampf. Whether General Gribsky, the Russian commander in that region, was guilty of the wholesale massacres imputed to him has not yet been placed beyond doubt; but that he is a singularly high-handed and thorough-going personage, as was also the late General Skobelev in his dealings with the Teke Turkomans, is proved by his proclamation to the inhabitants of Manchuria, in which he admits that the Amur River “is foul with the mass of Manchurian corpses.” “But ye,” he continues, “who inhabit the towns and villages that have not taken up arms against us Russians fear nothing and hearken. The Russians will soon be in every one of your towns and villages. But if, in any single village, any man shall have the insolence to shoot at or stab a Russian, woe to you. That village or that town shall be destroyed by fire, and not one of its inhabitants shall remain alive.” It was not surprising that on the heels of all these fightings and fear-of-death proclamations there came the rumour of an attempt on the part of the Russians to annex Manchuria formally to the dominions of the Tsar, but this rumour has now been officially denied by the Government at St. Petersburg, which declares it to be “devoid of all foundation,” just as it used to make the same emphatic declarations years ago to our own statesmen in the course of its annexationist progress eastward from the Caspian through Central Asia. Apart from Manchuria, there has for the last week been little or no record of hostilities in any part of China, though it was stated that all the Chinese war-ports



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. J. HILL
Killed by an explosion at Tung-chau

were being blockaded, especially Fu-chow and Canton—a measure not without its wisdom.

Mr. Walter E. Townsend, who died of typhoid fever at the Naval Hospital at Yokohama, Japan, on September 23, was a son of Mr. Alfred M. Townsend, agent for the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank at New York, and joined the British Legation at Peking only 1 year as student interpreter. He was twenty-one years old—having been born in Yokohama in 1879—and was educated at Marlborough College. He was the writer of the very interesting and touching letter from Peking that was published in the *Times* of July 16, and it is with general regret that the news of his death will now be received. Our photograph is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain Arthur Joseph Hill, East Surrey Regiment, died at Tung-chau from the effects of an explosion there, in which he was seriously injured. Born July 22, 1863, he joined the East Surrey Regiment from the Militia May 14, 1884; became captain July 12, 1892; and was appointed to the 1st Battalion Chinese Regiment at Wei-hai-Wei, April 20, 1899.

The Elections

At the time of going to press the results of the elections seem to point to the return to power of Lord Salisbury with a majority at least equal to that he possessed when Parliament was dissolved. One of the features of the contest has been the uncontested elections. On the opening day there were 66 unopposed elections, in which 51 Unionists were returned and only seven Liberals. In many cases the Liberals had no candidate, although, to judge from the 1895 election, the majority was not by any means overwhelming. Darlington is an example in point. In 1892 there was a Liberal majority of 56, which in 1895 was converted into a Liberal Unionist majority of 657, and the seat has not been contested this time by the Liberals. Great Grimsby, again, was Liberal both in 1892 and 1895, and was only captured by the Unionists at a by-election. Yet it has been allowed to go to the Unionists without a contest. Birkenhead was held by the Unionists in 1895 by the small majority of 204 out of an electorate of over 14,000, and at a by-election in 1894 the majority was even less, being only 105. In spite of this no effort was made to attack the seat. If we look back at previous elections we find the Liberals making a much better fight. Indeed, on the opening day it was that Party that had the majority of uncontested seats. For instance, in 1868, on the opening day, there were 63 unopposed elections, out of which 42 were Liberals. In 1874, out of 40 uncontested returns, 16 were Liberals. In 1880 there were, on the opening day, only 16 unopposed returns, but of them 12 were Liberals. In 1885, on the first two days, there were 18 seats filled without a contest, and nine of them were Liberals.

Gains and Losses

With more than a third of the new House elected, the Liberals had on Wednesday a net gain of one seat. The following are the seats where the representation has changed:—

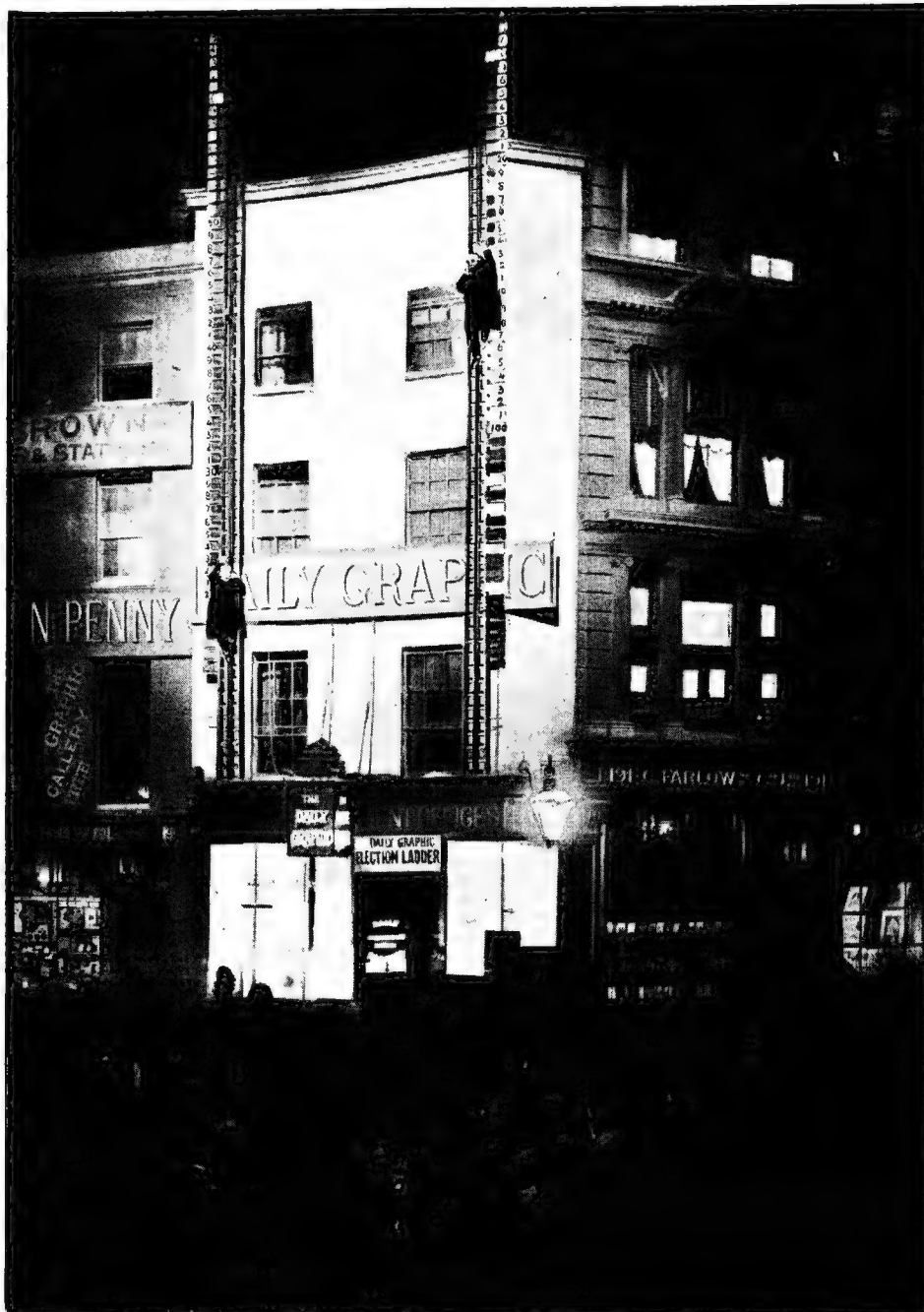
Unionist Gains		Radical Gains	
Plymouth	... 1	Hartlepool...	... 1
Leicester...	... 1	Hastings	... 1
Middlesbrough...	1	Northampton	... 1
Oldham...	... 1	Grantham	... 1
Galway...	... 1	Swansea	... 1
Stockton-on-Tees	1	Gloucester	... 1
		Wolverhampton	... 1

6

Perhaps the most surprising Unionist gain is that at Galway, where a Nationalist has been regularly returned since 1885. Mr. Winston Churchill at Oldham has captured a seat which he contested in July last year, a by-election, when, it will be remembered, the Liberals captured the two seats for which, in 1895, two Conservatives were returned. Mr. Labouchere, though he polled some 800 more votes than either of the Unionists at Northampton, is only second on the list, his colleague, Dr. Shipman, heading the poll and thus gaining a seat for the Liberals. The loss of a seat at Hartlepool is regrettable, but it is partly to be explained by the fact that Sir C. Furness, the Liberal candidate, is a strong local candidate, and, moreover, he is Imperialist in his views of the war. The great towns, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Bradford, and Salford, continue, like London, to return Unionists. Not only so, but in many cases where there have been contests the Unionist majorities have been increased considerably. One of the most remarkable of the returns published on Wednesday was that at Clapham, where Mr. Percy Thornton increased his majority from 1920 to 4420. Everybody will be sorry that Mr. Augustine Birrell left his safe seat in Scotland to court defeat in Manchester where, in the North-East division, he lost the election to Sir James Fergusson, who increased his majority from 241 to 706.

ROWDYISM AT MEETINGS

There is no doubt that in London in most of those divisions where there have been contests the struggle for the seat has been very keen. It is a pity that a small section of roughs should be allowed to interrupt meetings. Lord George Hamilton was refused a hearing in North Lambeth, where he tried to speak for Mr. F.



Two ladders have been reared up in front of *The Daily Graphic* Office in the Strand, and stretch above the roof. Up one of these ladders during the week a life-size figure of Lord Salisbury has been rapidly climbing, going up as the results of elections are announced to the rung numbered with the numeral representing the seats to his credit. On the other ladder a similar figure of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been laboriously mounting. On the road, especially at night, a crowd watches the two figures with the keenest interest. Lord Salisbury had already reached the top of the ladder and had to begin again, while Sir Henry was yet many rungs from the end of his first climb.

THE RACE FOR A MAJORITY: WATCHING THE “DAILY GRAPHIC” LADDER

Horner. Tactics of this kind are of no use, as may be seen from the fact that Mr. Horner handsomely beat his opponent, Colonel Jones, by 900 votes. In West Southwark, where the Lord Mayor fought a hard battle against Mr. R. K. Causton, who has represented the constituency since February, 1883, there have been attempts to disturb meetings. At one of these meetings the disturbers were asked to leave but would not go. The matter was put to the meeting, which resolved to eject the men, and after the chairman had again asked the offenders to leave, Mr. H. Newton, the Lord Mayor's son, set about the duty in detail. Having taken one man out, he came back for another, but seven fellows hustled him against a glass door, and he got ugly wounds on the face, in consequence of which he was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whence he was afterwards removed to the Mansion House. On Tuesday a man was summoned to Southwark Police Court for being concerned in assaulting Mr. Causton and was remanded. Another uproarious meeting took place at Bermondsey Town Hall, where Mr. Winston Churchill was announced to speak but was unable to go. The opposition was so noisy and rowdy that speakers could not be heard, and the meeting broke up in confusion.

A Royal Marriage



PRINCE ALBERT OF BELGIUM

THE civil and religious marriage of Prince Albert of Belgium and the Duchess Elisabeth of Bavaria took place on Tuesday. Prince Albert is the second son of the Count of Flanders, brother of the present King, and was recognised as heir-presumptive to the Belgian throne upon the death of his elder brother, Prince Baldwin. The succession should pass to his father, who, however, decided to abdicate his rights in favour of his son. The



THE DUCHESS ELISABETH OF BAVARIA

of Prince Albert of Belgium is by Günther, Brussels, and that of the Duchess Elisabeth of Bavaria by Lützel, Munich.

THE Shah and the Sultan have met at last, after innumerable difficulties respecting the etiquette to be observed in His Persian Majesty's reception. Neither Monarch would abate a jot of his dignity, but, finally, diplomacy solved the problem by bringing the Shah to the Sultan in a yacht, so that the Shah need only cross the road before he was greeted by the Sultan. His Majesty landed from the Turkish Imperial yacht at Ortaköy on the Bosphorus amid artillery salutes, and was conducted in great state to the Yehi Kiosk in the Yildiz Park, where the Sultan awaited him. The Shah stayed at the Merassim Kiosk, where the German Emperor and Empress were quartered during their visit.

THE widowed Queen Margherita of Italy is at last beginning to throw off the terrible depression caused by the shock of her loved husband's death. Her physicians felt that the best remedy was to send her to the mountains, where her mind would be distracted by the climbing, of which she is so fond. The prescription has proved most successful. Since settling down at Misurina, in South Tyrol, Queen Margherita has become more cheerful, taking interest in her

Prince is twenty-five years of age. He is described as a good soldier and as of an amiable disposition. The Duchess Elisabeth of Bavaria is the third daughter of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria. The Duke, who is a skilful oculist, brought up his daughters to share in his charitable work among the poor, to whom he devotes his skill. He charges no fees, and has established private hospitals at Munich, Lignernsee, and Meran for the benefit of the poor. Our portrait

surroundings once more. Every morning she attends a very early Mass in a little chapel perched on the hill above among woods, and afterwards starts on a long ramble among the mountains. Sometimes she drives to the foot of the more distant peak, and then climbs up with a few companions. Her daughter-in-law, Queen Helen, has the same love of outdoor life and exercise, due to her bringing-up in Montenegro. She is now trying to persuade the King to let her make the ascent of Vesuvius on foot at night, as the mountain threatens eruption, but King Victor thinks the trip much too fatiguing and dangerous for her.

The Late Prebendary Jones

PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, who died on Sunday, was at one time a familiar figure in London. Born in 1823, he had come to a ripe old age, and for some years had been out of the public mind. But from 1858, when he went to St. Luke's, Berwick Street, until, in 1882, he left St. George's-in-the-East, he was one of the hardest-working and best-known incumbents in London. He held with great success two exceedingly poor and trying parishes. Genial in manners, tolerant in his views, and imbued with a strong sense of duty, he won friends everywhere. After the days of hardness he held for a little while a country living, then came to St. Philip's, Regent Street, and last of all to St. Vedast's, Foster Lane. He held a Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's, and was Chaplain to the Queen. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE LATE REV. HARRY JONES
Prebendary of St. Paul's



THE GENERAL ELECTION: SKETCHES IN LONDON CONSTITUENCIES

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



MISS CROKER

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

IF ever a man believed that the whole world of art is contained in the oval of the human face, that man was Sir Thomas Lawrence. He was as well fitted to his epoch and his public as was Fragonard to the amorous fancies of his own time; and he could paint a young English lady without losing a scrap of her obvious beauty. Nay, he would habitually add a little, and would often touch the face with a roguish prettiness that was perfectly maddening to the lady's friends. He could paint the glossy curls which the fashion of the day prescribed, as brilliantly as Corregio or Van der Werff; he would draw an eye as firmly and correctly as Van Dyck, and paint the sweetest lips that ever poet sang or tasted. And what if he failed to reach the quality of the one, the breadth and truth of the other, and the poetry of the third? The public cared nought for that, for the superficiality of graceful cleverness is not detected by the unobservant eye, which is far too prone, and far too pleased, to be dazzled by talent when it is too blind to gaze intelligently upon true genius.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, then, was a man of high talent, but never attained to more. His great abilities, nevertheless, were brilliantly equal to the task they were called upon to undertake—and the result is three hundred pictures, among which are the Waterloo Gallery of gallant soldiers and splendid princes, and a whole series of dainty English girls and dames, whose bright faces look out happily from their canvases, and bear charming witness to English beauty as it was. They are a little affected, no doubt, a little self-conscious, and sometimes even a little smirking and self-complacent. And they look over-refined now and then, with their dear little intellects and lively eyes a little overweighing what ought to be the vigour of their graceful, but rather tired-looking, figures. The colour of the pictures is often cold and unsatisfactory, the surface hard and tinny; but we forgive all this for the sake of the self-respecting beauties themselves. For they are ladies, these; Sir Thomas never failed to show us that.

Among the most pleasing of his sitters was pretty Miss

Croker, whom he painted in 1827. Two years before he had painted her father, who is best remembered as the Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker, M.P.—a picture well known by the engravings of it by Cousins (executed in 1829), by Parry, and by Finden. Miss Croker's portrait, which broke many hearts, it is said, when it was exhibited at the Academy, was in 1828 also engraved by Cousins, and later on by J. Thomson. Three years after the picture was painted Lawrence died, and a grand exhibition of ninety-one of his works was held at the British Institution, when the Croker pictures figured frame to frame upon the walls (Nos. 57 and 58), and they were again lent for public exhibition by the lady's father in 1857, when Manchester displayed to the astonished world the "Art Treasures" of Great Britain. Miss Croker became the wife of Sir George Barrow, and, in 1833, the mother of Sir John Croker Barrow, the third Baronet, who is still living. The accompanying portrait is from the engraving by Cousins, published by Colnaghi.



"Lysbeth sat up in the bed and looked at the gaunt, powerful form, the deep-set grey eyes, the wide-spread nostrils, the scarred, high cheek-bones, the teeth made prominent by some devil's work upon the lips, and the grizzled lock of hair that hung across the forehead."

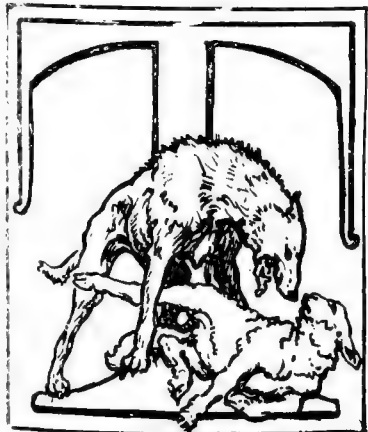
LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by JACOMB-HOOD

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CHAPTER V.I.—(continued)



THREE days later Montalvo made an announcement to Lysbeth. For a wonder he was supping at home alone with his wife, whose presence he had commanded. She obeyed and attended, sitting at the further end of the table, whence she rose from time to time to wait upon him with her own hands. Watching him the while with her quiet eyes, she noticed that he was ill at ease.

"Cannot you speak?" he asked at last and savagely. "Do you think it is pleasant for a man to sit opposite a woman who looks at a corpse in her coffin till he wishes she were one?"

"So do I," answered Lysbeth, and again there was silence. Presently she broke it. "What do you want?" she asked. "More money?"

"Of course I want money," he answered furiously.

"Then there is none; everything has gone, and the notary tells me that no one will advance another stiver on the house. All my jewellery is sold also."

He glanced at her hand. "You have still that ring," he said.

She looked at it. It was a hoop of gold set with emeralds of considerable value which her husband had given her before marriage and always insisted upon her wearing. In fact, it had been bought with the money which he borrowed from Dirk van Goorl.

"Take it," she said, smiling for the first time, and drawing off the ring she passed it over to him. He turned his head aside as he stretched his hand towards the trinket lest his face should betray the shame which even he must feel.

"If your child should be a son," he muttered, "tell him that his father had nothing but a piece of advice to leave him; that he should never touch a dice-box."

"Are you going away then?" she asked.

"For a week or two I must. I have been warned that a difficulty has arisen, about which I need not trouble you. Doubtless you will hear of it soon enough, and though it is not true, I must leave Leyden until the thing blows over. In fact I am going now."

"You are about to desert me," she answered; "having got all my money, I say that you are going to desert me who am—thus. I see it in your face."

Montalvo turned away and pretended not to hear.

"Well, thank God for it," Lysbeth added, only I wish that you could take your memory and everything else of yours with you."

As these bitter words passed her lips the door opened, and there entered one of his own subalterns, followed by four soldiers and a man in a lawyer's robe.

"What is this?" asked Montalvo furiously.

The subaltern saluted as he entered—

"My captain, forgive me, but I act under orders, and they are to arrest you alive, or," he added significantly, "dead."

"Upon what charge?" asked Montalvo.

"Here, notary, you had best read the charge," said the subaltern, "but perhaps the lady would like to retire first," he added awkwardly.

"No," answered Lysbeth, "it might concern me."

"Alas! Señora, I fear it does," put in the notary. Then he began to read the document, which was long and legal. But she was quick to understand. Before ever it was done Lysbeth knew that she was not the lawful wife of Count Juan de Montalvo, and that he was to be put upon his trial for his betrayal of her and the trick he had played the Church. So she was free—free, and overcome by that thought she staggered, fell, and swooned away.

When her eyes opened again, Montalvo, officer, notary, and soldiers all had vanished.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARE'S STABLE

WHEN Lysbeth's reason returned to her in that empty room, her first sense was one of wild exultation. She was free, she was not Montalvo's wife, never again could she be obliged to see him, never again could she be forced to endure the contamination of his touch—that was her thought. She was sure that the story was true; were it not true who could have moved the authorities to take action against him? Moreover, now that she had the key, a thousand things were explained, trivial enough in themselves, each of them, but in their sum amounting to proof positive of his guilt. Had he not spoken of some entanglement in Spain and of children? Had he not in his sleep—but it was needless to remember all these things. She was free! She was free! and there on the table still

lay the symbol of her bondage, the emerald ring that was to give him the means of flight, a flight from this charge which he knew was hanging over him. She took it up, dashed it to the ground and stamped upon it. Next she fell upon her knees, praising and blessing God, and then, worn out, crept away to rest.

The morning came, the still and beautiful autumn morning, but now all her exaltation had left her, and Lysbeth was depressed and heavy-hearted. She rose and assisted the one servant who remained in the house to prepare their breakfast, taking no heed of the side-long glances that the woman cast at her. Afterwards she went to the market to spend some of her last florins in necessities. Here and in the streets she became aware that she was the object of remark, for people nudged each other and stared at her. Moreover, as she hurried home appalled, her quick ear caught the conversation of two coarse women while they walked behind her.

"She's got it now," said one.

"Serve her right, too," answered the other, "for running after and marrying a Spanish dog."

"Marrying?" broke in the first; "it was the best that she could do. She couldn't stop to ask questions. Some bodies must be buried quickly."

Glancing behind her, Lysbeth saw the creature nip her nostrils with her fingers, as though to shut out an evil smell.

Then she could bear it no longer, and turned upon them.

"You are evil slanderers," she said, and walked away swiftly, pursued by the sound of their loud, insulting laughter.

At the house she was told that two men were waiting to see her. They proved to be creditors clamouring for large sums of money, which she could not pay. Lysbeth told them that she knew nothing of the matter. Thereupon they showed her her own writing at the foot of deeds, and she remembered that she had signed more things than she chose to keep count of, everything indeed that the man who called himself her husband put before her, if only to win an hour of blessed freedom from his presence. At length the duns went away vowing that they would have their money if they dragged the bed from under her.

After that came loneliness and silence. No friend appeared to cheer her. Indeed, she had no friends left, for by her husband's command she had broken off her acquaintance with all who after the strange circumstances connected with her marriage were still inclined to know her. He said that he would have no chattering Dutch vrouws about the house, and they said and believed that the Countess de Montalvo had become too proud to associate with those of her own class and people.

Midday came and she could eat no food; indeed, she had touched none for twenty-four hours, her gorge rose against it, although in her state she needed food. Now the shame of her position began to come home to Lysbeth. She was a wife and no wife; soon she must bear the burden of motherhood, and oh! what would that child be? And what would she be, its mother? What, too, would Dirk think of her? Dirk, for whom she had done and suffered all these things. Through the long afternoon hours she lay upon her bed thinking such thoughts as these till at length her mind gave and Lysbeth grew light-headed. Her brain became a chaos, a perfect hell of distorted imaginations.

Then out of its turmoil and confusion rose a vision and a desire; a vision of peace and a desire for rest. But what rest was there for her except the rest of death? Well, why not die? God would forgive her, the Mother of God would plead for her who was shamed and broken-hearted and unfit to live. Even Dirk would think kindly of her when she was dead, though, doubtless, now if he met her he would cover his eyes with his hand. She was burning hot and she was thirsty. How cool the water would be on this fevered night. What could be better than to slip into it and slowly let it close above her poor aching head? She would go out and look at the water; in that, at any rate, there could be no harm.

She wrapped herself in a long cloak and drew its hood over her head. Then she slipped from the house and stole like a ghost through the darkling streets and out at the Mare Poort, where the guard let her pass thinking that she was a country woman returning to her village. Now the moon was rising, and by the light of it Lysbeth recognised the place. Here was the spot where she had stood on the day of the ice carnival, when that woman who was called Martha the Mare, and who said that she had known her father, had spoken to her. On that water she had galloped in Montalvo's sledge, and up yonder canal the race was run. She followed along its banks, remembering the reedy mere some miles away spotted with islets that were only visited from time to time by fishermen and wild-fowls, the great Haarlem Mere which covered many thousands of acres of ground. That mere she felt sure must look very cool and beautiful on such a night as this, and the wind would whisper sweetly among the tall bullrushes which fringed its banks.

On Lysbeth went and on and on; it was a long, long walk, but at last she came there, and, oh! the place was sweet and vast and lonely. For so far as her eye could reach in the light of the low moon there was nothing but glimmering water broken here and there by the reed-wreathed islands. Hark! how the frogs croaked and the bitterns boomed among the rushes. Look where the wild duck swam leaving behind them broad trails of silver as their breasts broke the surface of the great mere into rippling lines.

There, on an island, not a bowshot from her, grew tufts of a daisy-like marsh flower, white flowers such as she remembered gathering when she was a child. A desire came upon her to pluck some of these flowers, and the water was shallow; surely she could wade to the island, or if not what did it matter? Then she could turn to the bank again, or she might stay to sleep awhile in the water; what did it matter? She stepped from the bank—how sweet and cool it felt to her feet? Now it was up to her knees, now it reached her middle, and now the little wavelets broke upon her breast. But she would not go back, for there ahead of her was the island, and the white flowers were so close that she could count them, eight upon one bunch and twelve upon the next. Another step and the water struck her in the face, one more and it closed above her head. She rose, and a low cry broke from her lips.

Then, as in a dream, Lysbeth saw a skiff glide out from among the rushes before her. She saw also a strange, mutilated face, which she remembered dimly, bending over the edge of the boat, and a long, brown hand stretched out to clasp her, while a hoarse voice bade her keep still and fear nothing.

After this came a sound of singing in her ears and darkness.

When Lysbeth woke again she found herself lying upon the ground, or rather upon a thick mattress of dry reeds and aromatic grasses. Looking round her she saw that she was in a hut, reed-roofed and plastered with thick mud. In one corner of the hut stood a fireplace with a chimney artfully built of clay, and on the fire of turfs boiled an earthen pot. Hanging from the roof by a string of twisted grass was a fish, fresh caught, a splendid pike, and near to it a bunch of smoked eels. Over her also was thrown a magnificent rug of otter skins, from all of which she gathered that she must be in the hovel of some fisherman.

Now by degrees, the past came back to Lysbeth, and she remembered her parting with the man who called himself her husband; remembered also her moonlight flight and how she had waded out into the waters of the great mere to pluck the white flowers, and how, as they closed above her head, a hand had been stretched out to save her. Lysbeth remembered, and remembering, she sighed aloud. The sound of her sighing seemed to attract the attention of someone who was listening outside the hut; at any rate a rough door was opened or pushed aside and a figure entered.

"Are you awake, lady?" said a hoarse voice.

"Yes," answered Lysbeth. "But tell me, how did I come here, and who are you?"

The figure stepped back so that the light from the open door fell full upon it. "Look, Jan van Hout's daughter and Juan Montalvo's wife; those who have seen me once do not forget me."

Lysbeth sat up in the bed and looked at the gaunt, powerful form, the deep-set grey eyes, the wide-spread nostrils, the scarred, high cheek-bones, the teeth made prominent by some devil's work upon the lips, and the grizzled lock of hair that hung across the forehead. In an instant she knew her.

"You are Martha the Mare," she said.

"Yes, I am the Mare, none other, and you are in the Mare's stable. What has he been doing to you, that Spanish dog, that you came last night to ask the great water to hide you and your shame?"

Lysbeth made no answer; the story seemed hard to begin to this strange woman. Then Martha went on—

"What did I tell you, Lysbeth van Hout? Did I not say that your blood should warn you against the Spaniard? Well, well, you saved me from the ice and I have saved you from the water. Ah! who was it that led me to row round by that outer isle last night because I could not sleep? Well, what does it matter; God willed it so, and here you lie in the Mare's stable. Nay, do not answer me, first you must eat."

Then, going to the pot, she took it from the fire and poured its contents into an earthen basin, and, at the smell of them, for the first time for days, Lysbeth felt hungry. Of what that stew was compounded she never learned, but she ate it to the last spoonful and was thankful, while Martha, seated on the ground beside her, watched her with delight, from time to time stretching out a long, thin hand to touch the brown hair that hung about her shoulders.

"Come out and look," said Martha when her guest had done eating, and she led her through the doorway of the hut.

Lysbeth gazed round her, but in truth there was not much to see. The hut itself was hidden away in a little clump of swamp willows that grew upon a mound in the midst of a marshy plain, broken here and there by patches of reed and bullrushes. Walking across this plain for a hundred yards or so, they came to more reeds, and in them a boat hidden cunningly, for here was the water of the lake, and, not fifty paces away, what seemed to be the shore of an island. The Mare bade her get into the boat and rowed her across to this island, then round it to another, and thence to another and another.

"Now tell me," she said, "upon which of them is my stable built?"

Lysbeth shook her head helplessly.

"You cannot tell, no, nor any living man; I say that no man lives who could find it, save I myself, who know the path there by night or by day. Look," and she pointed to the vast surface of the mere, "on this great sea are thousands of such islets, and before they find me the Spaniards must search them all, for here upon the lonely waters no spies or hounds will help them." Then she began to row again without even looking round, and presently they were in the clump of reeds from which they had started.

"I must be going home," faltered Lysbeth.

"No," answered Martha; "it is too late. You have slept long. Look. The sun is westering fast. This night you must stop with me. Oh! do not be afraid. My fare is rough, but it is sweet and fresh and plenty; fish from the mere as much as you will, for who can catch them better than I? And water-fowl that I snare—yes, and their eggs; moreover, dried flesh and bacon which I get from the mainland, for there I have friends whom sometimes I meet at night."

So Lysbeth yielded, for the great peace of this lake pleased her. (h! after all that she had gone through it was like heaven to watch the sun sinking towards the quiet water, to hear the wild fowl call, to see the fish leap and the halcyons flash by, and above all to be sure that by nothing short of a miracle could this divine silence, broken only by Nature's voices, be defiled with the sound of the hated accents of the man who had ruined and betrayed her. Yes, she was weary, and a strange, unaccustomed languor crept over her; she would rest there this night also.

So they went back to the hut, and made ready their evening meal, and as she fried the fish over the fire of peats, verily Lysbeth found herself laughing like a girl again. Then they ate it with appetite, and after it was done, Mother Martha prayed aloud, yes, and without fear, although she knew Lysbeth to be a Catholic, read from her one treasure, a Testament, crouching there in the light of the fire and saying—

"See, lady, what a place this is for a heretic to bide in. Where else may a woman read from the Bible and fear no spy or priest?" and remembering a certain story, Lysbeth shivered at her words.

"Now," said the Mare, when she had finished reading, "tell me before you sleep what it was that brought you into the waters of the Haarlem Mere, and what that Spanish man has done to you. Do not be afraid, for though I am mad, or so they say, I can keep counsel, and between you and me are many bonds, Jan van Hout's daughter, some of which you know and see, and some of which you cannot know and see, but which God will weave in His own season."

Lysbeth looked at the weird countenance, distorted and made

unhuman by long torment of body and mind, and found in it something to trust; yes, even some sign of that sympathy which she sorely needed. So she told her all the tale from the first word of it to the last.

The Mare listened in silence, for no story of evil perpetrated by a Spaniard seemed to move or astonish her, only, when Lysbeth had done, she said—

"Ah! child, had you but known of me, and where to find me, you should have asked my aid."

"Why, mother, what could you have done?" said Lysbeth.

"Done? I would have followed him by night until I found my chance in some lonely place, and there I would have—" Then she stretched out her bony hand to the red light of the fire, and Lysbeth saw that in it was a knife.

She sank back aghast.

"Why are you frightened, my pretty lady?" asked the Mare. "I tell you that I live on for only one thing—to kill Spaniards, yes, priests first and then the others. Oh! I have a long count to pay; for every time that he was tortured a life, for every groan he uttered at the stake a life; yes, so many for the father and half as many for the son. Well, I shall live to be old, I know that I shall live to be old, and the count will be discharged, ay, to the last stiver."

As she spoke, the outlawed Water Wife had risen, and the flare of the fire struck full upon her. It was an awful face that Lysbeth beheld by the light of it, full of fierceness and energy, the face of an inspired avenger, dread and unnatural, yet not altogether repulsive. Indeed, the countenance was such as an imaginative artist might give to one of the beasts in the Book of Revelations. Amazed and terrified, Lysbeth said nothing.

"I frighten you, gentle one," went on the Mare, "you who, although you have suffered, are still full of the milk of human kindness. Wait, woman, wait till they have murdered the man you love, till your heart is like my heart, and you also live on, not for love's sake, not for life's sake, but to be a Sword, a Sword, a Sword in the hand of God."

"Cease, I pray you," said Lysbeth in a low voice; "I am aint, I am ill."

Ill she was indeed, and before morning there, in that lonely hovel on the island of the mere, a son was born to her.

When she was strong enough her nurse spoke.

"Will you keep the brat, or shall I kill it?" she asked.

"How can I kill my child?" Lysbeth asked.

"It is the Spaniard's child also, and remember the curse you told me of, your own curse uttered on this thing before ever you were married? If it lives that curse shall cling to it, and through it you, too, shall be accursed. Best let me kill it and have done."

"How can I kill my own child? Touch it not," answered Lysbeth sullenly.

So the black-eyed boy lived and throve.

Somewhat slowly, lying there in the island hut, Lysbeth won back her strength. The Mare, or Mother Martha, as Lysbeth had now learned to call her, tended her as few midwives would have done. Food, too, she had in plenty, for Martha snared the fowl and caught the fish, or she made visits to the mainland and thence brought eggs and milk and flesh, which, so she said, the boors of that country gave her as much as she wanted of them. Also, to while away the hours, she would read to her out of the Testament, and from that reading Lysbeth learnt many things which until then she had not known. Indeed, before it was done with—Catholic though she still was—she began to wonder in what lay the wickedness of these heretics, and how it came about that they were worthy of death and torment, since, sooth to say, in this Book she could find no law to which their lives and doctrine seemed to give offence.

Thus it happened that Martha, the fierce, half-crazy water-dweller, sowed the seed in Lysbeth's heart that was to bear fruit in due season.

When three weeks had gone by and Lysbeth was on her feet again, though as yet scarcely strong enough to travel, Martha told her that she had business which would keep her from home a night, but what that business was she refused to say. Accordingly on a certain afternoon, having left good store of all things to Lysbeth's hand, Martha departed in her skiff, nor did she return till after midday on the morrow. Now Lysbeth talked of leaving the island, but Martha would not suffer it, saying that if she desired to go she must swim, and indeed when Lysbeth went to look she found that the skiff had been hidden elsewhere. So, nothing loth, she stayed on, and in the crisp autumn air her health and beauty came back to her, till she was once more much as she had been before the day, when she went sledging with Juan de Montalvo.

On a November morning, leaving her infant in the hut with Martha, who had sworn to her on the Bible that she would not harm it, Lysbeth walked to the extremity of the island. During the night the first sharp frost of late autumn had fallen, making a thin film of ice upon the surface of the lake, which melted rapidly as the sun grew high. The air too was very clear and calm, and among the reeds, now turning golden at their tips, the finches flew and chirped, forgetful that winter was at hand. So sweet and peaceful was the scene that Lysbeth, also forgetful of many things, surveyed it with a kind of rapture. She knew not why, but her heart was happy that morning; it was as though a dark cloud had passed from her life; as though the blue skies of peace and joy were spread about her. Doubtless other clouds might appear upon that horizon, doubtless in their season they would appear, but she felt that this horizon was as yet a long way off, and meanwhile above her bent the tender sky, serene and sweet and happy.

Upon the crisp grass behind her suddenly she heard a footfall, new footfall, not that of the long, stealthy stride of Martha, who was called the Mare, and swung round upon her heel to meet it.

"Oh, God! Who was this? Oh, God! there before her stood Dirk van Goorl. Dirk, and no other than Dirk, unless she dreamed Dirk with his kind face wreathed in a happy smile, Dirk with his arms outstretched towards her. Lysbeth said nothing, she could not speak, only she stood still gazing, gazing, gazing, and always came on, till now his arms were round her. Then she spoke back.

"Do not touch me," she cried, "remember what I am and what I stay here."

"I know well what you are, Lysbeth," he answered slowly, "you are the holiest and purest woman who ever walked this earth."

you are an angel upon this earth; you are the woman who gave her honour to save the man she loved. Oh! be silent, be silent. I have heard the story; I know it every word, and here I kneel before you, and next to my God, I worship you, Lysbeth, I worship you."

"But the child," she murmured, "it lives, and it is mine and the man's."

Dirk's face hardened a little, but he only answered—

"We must bear our burdens; you have borne yours, I must bear mine," and he seized her hands and kissed them, yes, and the hem of her garment and kissed it also.

So these two plighted their troth.

Afterwards she heard all the story. Montalvo had been put upon his trial, and, as it chanced, things went hard with him. Among his judges one was a great Netherlander lord, who desired to uphold the rights of his countrymen; one was a high ecclesiastic, who was furious because of the fraud that had been played upon the Church, which had been trapped into celebrating a bigamous marriage; and a third was a Spanish grandee, who, as it happened, knew the family of the first wife who had been deserted.

Therefore, for the luckless Montalvo, when the case had been proved to the hilt against him by the evidence of the priest who brought the letter, of the wife's letters, and of the truculent Black Meg, who now found an opportunity of paying back "hot water for cold," there was little mercy. His character was bad, and it was said, moreover, that because of his cruelties and the shame she had suffered at his hands, Lysbeth van Hout had committed suicide. At least, this was certain, that she was seen running at night towards the Haarlem Mere, and that after this, search as her friends would, nothing more could be heard of her.

So, that an example might be made, although he writhed and fenced his best, the noble captain, Count Juan de Montalvo was sent to serve for fourteen years in the galleys as a common slave. And there, for the while, was an end of him.

There also was an end of the strange and tragic courtship of Dirk van Goorl and Lysbeth van Hout.

Six months afterwards they were married, and by Dirk's wish took the child, who was christened Adrian, to live with them. A few months later Lysbeth entered the community of the New Religion, and less than two years after her marriage a son was born to her, the hero of this story, who was named Foy.

As it happened, she bore no other children.

BOOK II: THE RIPENING

CHAPTER IX.

ADRIAN, FOY, AND MARTIN THE RED

MANY years had gone by since Lysbeth found her love again upon the island in the Haarlem Mere. The son that she bore there was now a grown man, as was her second son, Foy, and her own hair showed grey beneath the lappets of her cap.

Fast, fast wove the loom of God during those fateful years, and the web thereof was the story of a people's agony and its woof was dyed red with their blood. Edict had followed edict, crime had been heaped upon crime. Alva, like some inhuman and incarnate vengeance, had marched his army, quiet and harmless as is the tiger when he stalks his prey, across the fields of France. Now he was at Brussels, and already the heads of the Counts Egmont and Hoorn had fallen; already the Blood Council was established and at its work. In the Low Countries law had ceased to exist, and there anything might happen however monstrous or inhuman. Indeed, with one decree of the Holy Office, confirmed by a proclamation of Philip of Spain, all the inhabitants of the Netherlands, three millions of them, had been condemned to death. Men's minds were full of terror, for on every side were burnings and hangings and torturings. Without were fightings, within were fears, and none knew whom they could trust, since the friend of to-day might be the informer or judge of to-morrow. And all this because they chose to worship God in their own fashion unaided by images and priests.

Although so long a time had passed, as it chanced those persons with whom we have already made acquaintance in this history were still alive. Let us begin with two of them, one of whom we know and one of whom, although we have heard of him before, will require some introduction—Dirk van Goorl and his son Foy.

Scene—an upper room above a warehouse overlooking the market-place of Leyden, a room with small windows and approached by two staircases; time, a summer twilight. The faint light which penetrated into this chamber through the unshuttered windows, for to curtain them would have been to excite suspicion, showed that about twenty people had gathered there, among whom were one or two women. For the most part they were men of the better class, middle-aged burghers of sober mien, some of whom stood about in knots, while others were seated upon stools and benches. At the end of the room addressing them was a man well on in middle life, with grizzled hair and beard, small and somewhat mean of stature, yet one through whose poor exterior goodness seemed to flow like light through some rough casement of horn. This was Jan Arentz, the famous preacher, by trade a basket-maker, one who had showed himself steadfast to the New Religion through all afflictions, and who was gifted with a spirit which could remain unmoved amidst the horrors of perhaps the most terrible persecution that Christians have suffered since the days of the Roman Emperors. He was preaching now, and these people were his congregation.

"I came not to bring peace but a sword," was his text, and certainly this night it was most appropriate and one easy of illustration. For there, on the very market-place beneath them, guarded by soldiers and surrounded with the rabble of the city, two members of his flock, men who a fortnight before had worshipped in that same room, at this moment were undergoing martyrdom by fire!

Arentz preached patience and fortitude. He went back into recent history and told his hearers how he himself had passed a hundred dangers; how he had been hunted like a wolf, how he had been tried,

how he had escaped from prisons and from the swords of soldiers, even as St. Paul had done before him, and how yet he lived to minister to them this night. He told them that they must have no fear, that they must go on quite happy, quite confident, taking what it pleased God to send them, feeling that it would all be for the best; yes, that even the worst would be for the best. What was the worst? Some hours of torment and death. And what lay beyond the death? Ah! let them think of that. The whole world was but a brief and varying shadow, what did it matter how or when they walked out of the shadow into the perfect light? The sky was very black, but behind it the sun shone. They must look forward with the eye of faith; perhaps the sufferings of the present generation were part of the scheme of things; perhaps from the earth which they watered with their blood would spring the flower of freedom, that glorious freedom in whose day all men would be able to worship their Creator, responsible only to the Bible law and their own consciences, not to the dogmas or doctrines of other men.

As he spoke thus, eloquently, sweetly, spoke like one inspired, the twilight deepened and the flare of those sacrificial fires flickered on the window pane, and the mixed murmurs of the crowd of witnesses broke upon his listeners' ears. The preacher paused and looked down upon the dreadful scene below, for from where he stood he could behold it all.

"Mark is dead," he said, "and our dear brother, Andreas Jansen, is dying; the executioners heap the faggots round him. You think it cruel, you think it piteous, but I say to you, No. I say that it is a holy and a glorious sight, for we witness the passing of souls to bliss. Brethren, let us pray for him who leaves us, and for ourselves who stay behind. Yes, and let us pray for those who slay him that know not what they do. We watch his sufferings, but I tell you that Christ his Lord watches also; Christ who also hung upon the Cross, the victim of such men as these. He stands with him in the fire, His hand compasses him, His voice supports him. Brethren, let us pray."

Then at his bidding every member of that little congregation knelt in prayer for the passing spirit of Andreas Jansen.

Again Arentz looked through the window.

"He dies!" he cried; "a soldier has thrust him through with a pike in mercy, his head falls forward. Oh! God, if it be Thy will, grant to us a sign."

Some strange breath passed through that upper chamber, a cold breath which blew upon the brows of the worshippers and stirred their hair, bringing with it a sense of the presence of Andreas Jansen, the martyr. And then, there upon the wall opposite to the window, at the very spot where their brother and companion, Andreas, saint and martyr, was wont to kneel, appeared the sign, or what they took to be a sign. Yes, there upon the white-washed wall, reflected, mayhap, from the fires below, and showing clearly in the darkened room, shone the vision of a fiery cross. For a second it was seen. Then it was gone, but to every soul in this room the vision of that cross had brought its message; to each a separate message, an individual inspiration, for in the light of it they read strange lessons of life and death. The cross vanished and there was silence.

"Brethren," said the voice of Arentz, speaking in the darkness, "you have seen. Through the fire and through the shadow, follow the Cross and fear not."

(To be continued)

Vintage Time in a Podere near Florence

By PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

WITHIN a radius of six miles of Florence there are probably thirty or forty English residents, who live in a *podere*, and grow grapes and olives, making wine and oil for the market. The drawing represents a *podere* at Monte Fiano, near Fiesole (the proprietor being an Englishman), one beautifully situated at some 1,502 feet above the level of the sea, with a great panoramic view before it of ever-changing effect.

I fancy the hills that surround this enchanting city, Florence, have been sweetened by the cultivation of the *podere*, which more than compensates for the loss of the timber that formerly, even in the memory of those living now, covered their sides. This sweetened aspect is saved from insipidity by the cypress, which is like a strong downward stroke of the pen filled with a dark colour. The charm of the cypress in the landscape is indescribable. It is poetic, satisfying, corrective, as I have said, and structural.

The proprietor of the *podere* I have drawn has kindly furnished me with the following details of the Tuscan Mezzadria system:—"The land is divided into small holdings, each separate holding being occupied and tilled by a single family, whose labour is sufficient for the cultivation of the soil, which in its turn provides for their maintenance. Large estates are now almost unknown. . . . Estates are almost invariably divided into *podere*—i.e., small farms—which seldom, even when the land is moderately fertile, exceed forty or fifty acres in extent, held and cultivated by a metayer family. . . . Our Mezzadria system continues to fall in with the tastes of the population, and so universal has it become that it has even left its mark on the language. One word, *contadino* (countsman), which in other parts of Italy is used to designate any man living on the land, and more especially a day labourer, and which has usually a somewhat depreciatory connotation, has in Tuscany become specialised as the honourable correlative of *podere*. A *podere* is a metayer homestead cultivated by a *contadino*. A *contadino* is the man who, with his family, cultivates a *podere*. In Tuscany the *podere* invariably has a house on it, in which the *contadino* lives.

"Long custom has firmly established the principle that the produce of a *podere* shall be divided equally between the cultivator and the owner of the soil. As long as the *contadino* behaves well, and cultivates his land properly, the proprietor has no motive to turn him out. Hence it comes that though the mezzadria contract is legally only a year-to-year agreement, terminable on either side by a six months' notice, the harmonious relations between the proprietor and cultivator are seldom disturbed."

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

WE suffer long and patiently from all kinds of domestic tyranny because we are used to it, and because it is too much trouble to throw off the yoke. Some time ago I pointed out how long we had endured the autocrats of the hearth—to wit, the poker, tongs and shovel—which ever since anybody can remember have always been notoriously unfit for the duties they have to perform. And yet I found even these humbugs of the hearth have their admirers and defenders. For I had a long letter from a most charming young lady taking me severely to task, and even calling me rather hard names, for daring to question the virtues and abilities of these time-honoured fire manipulators. I daresay I shall hear from her again—indeed, I hope I shall—when she finds I venture to attack another household god—the bedroom candlestick. The bedroom candlestick is, perhaps, the most ill-constructed domestic implement of the many that we have long patiently endured. It is so fashioned that it gives the maximum of inconvenience with the minimum of light.

It is better calculated to demonstrate the existence of darkness than to effect its cure. Its deficiency in height causes its illuminative powers to be ineffective, and the smallness of its base renders it easy to overturn, leading to a liberal distribution of grease on the carpet. What is required is a base more than double the breadth of those now in use, and a pillar fully the height of those used by our forefathers for the dining-room table. This could be easily accomplished, and anyone who would bring out the Bystander Bedroom Candlestick constructed on these principles might make a fortune. Of course, nowadays, there are not a few bedrooms lighted with gas and electricity, but many object to the first on account of their lungs and the second by reason of their eyes, while the largest proportion of our population have to be content with the old-fashioned style of illumination.

Many inquiries reach me with regard to the new berry, but as yet it does not seem to be forthcoming. Meantime, I have to thank a lady who is good enough to send me from Norfolk a box containing specimens which appear to be very good substitutes of the fruit which is so long in placing itself on the market. The sample forwarded is called the Japanese wine-berry, and my correspondent informs me:—"It is very handsome to look at, and is trained against a six-foot iron hurdle, which it nearly covers. The bright orange colour, the red, and the flowers may all be seen at the same time. It seems quite hardy, grows quickly, and is very much approved in a fruit salad." The fruit appears to be not unlike a diminutive raspberry, it has a pleasant flavour, and an agreeable scent. Possibly, were it grafted on the raspberry, or something of a kindred nature, it might acquire more fulness of flavour and larger bulk.

The date of the first introduction of the lift in London has been alluded to recently in the *Westminster Gazette*, and a correspondent writes to that journal speaking of one that once existed at the Colosseum in Regent's Park. He says:—"It was called the 'Ascension Room.' It was a circular, or, perhaps, octagonal room of a good size, with lounges all round capable of holding a number of persons. It ascended from the large circular sculpture room, in which it stood concentrically, to the level of the cylindrical panorama of Paris by night." I recollect this room well, for when I was a very small boy a visit to the Colosseum was considered a very great treat, and I have a recollection of going there with other children in a big wobblesome coach with C springs, drawn by a pair of plump horses, which was especially requisitioned for the occasion. The room alluded to was certainly octagonal, but I fancy it was called the "Ascending Room." It had none of the brisk, jerky activity of the lifts of the present day. It moved upwards with a dignified deliberation that was very soothing. I can recall the startling reality of the panorama of Paris by night, also that of London by night, I have vivid recollections of the horrors of the Lisbon earthquake in the Cyclorama, I was vividly impressed with the circular sculpture gallery, which you walked solemnly round and round till you began to fancy you were a squirrel in a revolving cage, or a gold-fish in a globe, and I have a notion there were aviaries, conservatories, stalactite caverns, and artificial ice, on which people skated. There is nothing like it in the way of exhibitions in the present day. At least, so it seems to me, when looking back to the excursions of my childhood. Possibly if I visited the Colosseum in the present day I should not be so forcibly impressed with its glories.

When the National Portrait Gallery was being built it was surrounded by an extensive hoarding which was painted a sober drab colour, and was entirely innocent of the least suspicion of advertisement. I ventured in this column to point out the fact, at the time, and I made a rough calculation showing how much the authorities were losing a year by not establishing on their fence a first-class bill-posting station. Some people doubted the correctness of my calculations, others said such a proceeding would be derogatory to buildings connected with art, and a few said it would injure the character of the neighbourhood. The result was that the hoarding remained drab, and a very respectable sum of money was altogether lost. It is satisfactory to find that the County Council do not believe in such unpractical sentimentality, and that the idea that I proposed for the hoarding of the National Portrait Gallery will be thoroughly carried out in the Strand. This new gigantic advertisement station will, it is said, bring in 3,000l. a year. Indeed, advertisement has now become such an important fact that it requires a special organisation to control and superintend it. One almost requires a Secretary for Advertisement, in addition to those we already possess for War, Home, and the Colonies. There is no doubt whatever that the poster, under efficient supervision, is a powerful decorative agent, and that its brilliant colour and lively aspect does not a little to relieve the dismal appearance of the London streets, especially during the dull November days.



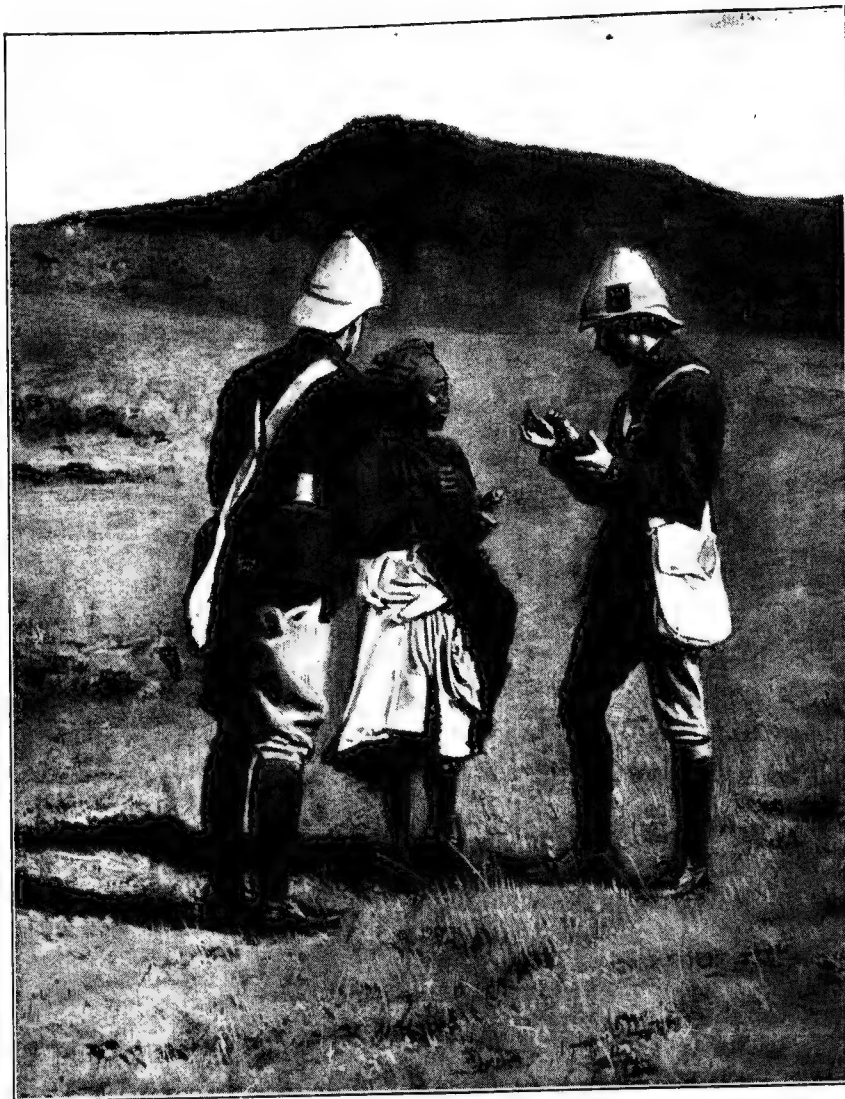
VINTAGE TIME IN A PODERE OR SMALL FARM AT MONTE FIANO, NEAR FLORENCE

DRAWN BY PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A.

Military Families

By A SCION

WHETHER it be the outcome of feudal tradition, or merely results from hereditary disposition, there are many families in these isles which would consider it a humiliation and almost a disgrace if some son did not figure in the commissioned ranks of the British Army. Up to the beginning of the present century, this sense of patriotic duty was so keen that it had become quite a common custom to put down the names of boys still in their teens for commissions. Many received them, too, at very early ages; the list of casualties in the Peninsular War included not a few poor lads who should have been at school. But their parents considered that military training was the finest schooling in the world to make a man of a high-spirited youngster, while it had the farther merit, they believed, of providing the surest path to family distinction. That feeling still subsists as strongly as ever in many old families; their long records show that every generation has contributed one or more warriors to the honourable profession of arms. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that this sentiment is mainly confined to the aristocracy; the landed gentry share it fully, and strain every endeavour to maintain the long-established connection. Few people are aware of the sharp privations thereby involved in only too many instances. What between the large expense of special coaching for the competitive examination, the heavy charges at the Royal Military College or the Woolwich Academy, and the more liberal parental allowance necessitated by the higher standard of living among regimental officers, it is no light matter nowadays to put a son into the commissioned grades. When, therefore, the family income has materially diminished through the depreciation of land as an investment, the ancestral tradition can only be maintained at the cost of irksome sacrifices. Yet there are still many families which, despite narrower



OFFICERS BUYING SHELLS AS CURIOS FROM A KAFFIR WOMAN
MEMORIALS OF SPION KOP
From a Photograph by H. W. Nicholls

circumstances, continue to be represented in the Army, very frequently by more than one son.

It might be invidious and unfair to say that the officers derived from this section of the community are "the pick of the basket." But they are certainly among the best of its contents. Accustomed as they have been throughout their lives to hear the Army spoken of as the finest Service in the world, and impregnated with its honourable traditions, they necessarily make start at some advantage compared with those derived from non-military homes. *Esprit de corps* comes to them quite naturally from the first; in the more collective sense, they have always been possessed by that feeling. The noble profession in which their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers earned distinction is, as it were, a heritage on which they have claims and to which they owe duty. Furthermore, they have heard, time and again, about the sort of achievements which are most highly prized in the Army—brilliant deeds of valour, and the upholding of the "point of honour" under all circumstances. The best kind of *camaraderie* is thus instilled into these young men before they go forth to the stern battle of life; ever before their eyes is the high standard of conduct and principle prescribed by family tradition. It may be that they have been somewhat inclined to hold intellectual accomplishment in less esteem. But that little weakness is passing away; the Staff College has given the finishing touches to a good number of scions of military families. If, however, it came to choice between winning reputation as a fearless fighter or as a student, only a very small minority, if any, would give preference to the latter.

Such, then, is the valuable element whose gradual banishment from the Army seems almost inevitable unless remedial measures are quickly applied. In time, no doubt, the tradition of military service will be inherited by families which have acquired the means of supporting sons in the Army. Just as they invest in land to gain the social prestige which still accompanies its



C. E. FRIPP.
PRETORIA.

Our Artist writes:—"The garrison at Pretoria have lately received new kits, and present a remarkably clean and neat appearance in their new khaki serge. The men shown in my sketch belong to the Berkshire Regiment."

TROOPS LEAVING PRETORIA WITH A CONVOY

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

possession, and just as they ornament their houses with family portraits of doubtful authenticity, they will imitate the old landed gentry by connecting themselves with Her Majesty's combatant forces. In the meanwhile, however, financial pressure is bound to weigh more and more heavily on the old source of supply. What is the customary reply when some young fellow, with ideal makings for a regimental officer, is asked why he did not enter the service in which his forefathers had so frequently shed their blood *pro Rege, pro patria*?

"I wanted to badly, and I could have passed the examination with some coaching, but the poor old Dad could not stand the shot, as the property only provides a sufficient income to keep things going decently."

And so these young gentlemen go drifting about from pillar to post, until some sudden call to arms, like that which resounded through the Empire when the now fallen Kruger challenged England to fight, presents the long-coveted opening for military employment. The ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry contain many fine samples of this class, and it will be a miserable pity if strenuous official endeavour is not made to permanently retain their valuable services. I have the authority of officers lately returned from South Africa that the gentleman "ranker," come of an old military family, is both a splendid fighter himself and a most potent influence for good among his less well-born comrades.

The same preference for the Army above all other professions which dominates the landed gentry, extends to a lower social grade. There are numerous families in industrial employ, of one sort or another, whose pride and boast it is to enumerate the members who have worn the scarlet coat. Some time back I saw a rough genealogical tree at the house of a small farmer up North, and the name of every member who had served in the Army had an ornamental bordering with red ink. The colour was only too appropriate in several cases; the brave fellows thus honoured had lost their lives in battle, fighting fiercely for dear Old England. In another instance, the head of the family, a none-too-literate yeoman, had taken infinite pains over the compilation of a voluminous record, describing in detail the valorous deeds of the family as soldiers from quite a remote period. He assured me that it had been a labour of love to him to obtain authentic materials for the interesting history. In yet another instance, at alwart Devonian blacksmith, with whom I had



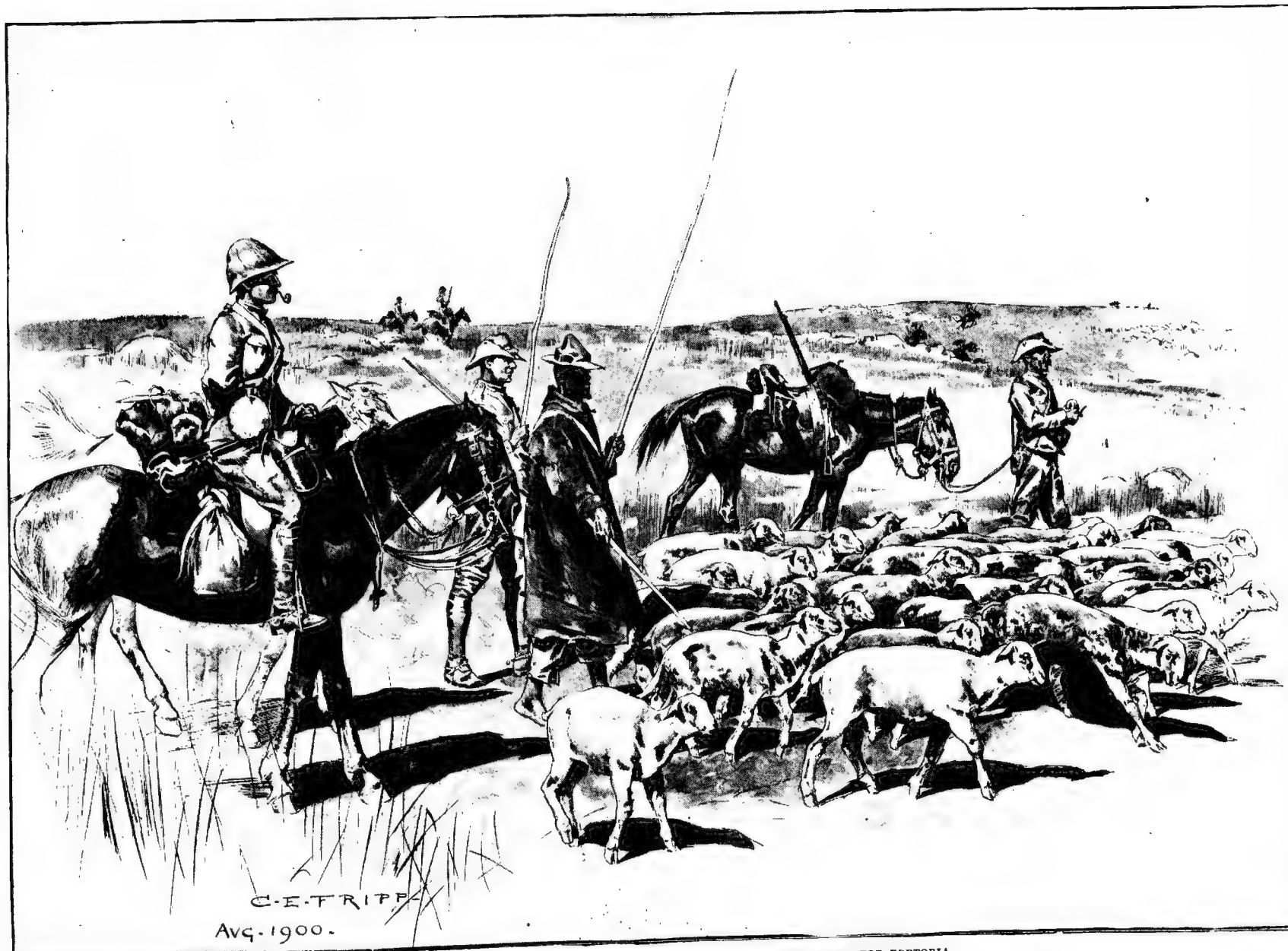
Some non-commissioned officers serving in South Africa were asked by a correspondent (S. M. F.) to form a group in order that he might photograph them, and this is how they posed

POSING FOR THEIR PORTRAITS

chanced to foregather in connection with a damaged cycle, actually confessed to a sense of disgrace because he alone, out of five brothers, had not enlisted! "Three out of the four are dead, sir," he muttered with shamed face, "and it always seems to me that I must be a bit of a coward to have shirked that chance."

I do truly believe that if I had advised my swarthy acquaintance to make up for lost time by going a-soldiering, he would have done so at the first opportunity, wife and bairns notwithstanding. Since the South African War broke out, the Queen has kindly made a practice of recognising the patriotism of military families in narrow circumstances by sending sums of money to their heads. This is a most happy new departure, and merits all possible praise. But from what I know of these people, I feel convinced that they would attach still higher value to such gifts if they were accompanied by some kind of State certificate of honour. What is there to prevent that from being done? Parents who risk the lives of several dear sons for the defence of the greatest and most beneficent Empire the world has ever given birth to, deserve both recognition and reward for good citizenship. There would be no occasion to interfere with the Sovereign's bounty; that could be continued in necessitous cases. But even among military families of comparatively humble position there are not a few to whom offers of monetary gifts would be almost insulting. My suggestion is, therefore, that whenever any family, high positioned or low positioned, wealthy or poor, helps the State by placing a prescribed number of sons in the Army or Navy, or both, the parents shall be entitled to claim a State testimonial of good citizenship. That would show to the world, at all events, that these Empire-building isles still hold in high honour all such as contribute to its greatness and grandeur.

ONCE more we welcome one of the pleasantly illustrated albums on French watering-places, by "Mars." This time he treats of Boulogne, and gives us amusing character sketches of the picturesquely clad natives and the more prosaic visitors—though these latter, especially the fairer sex, he makes as attractive as possible by dint of tasty toilettes and dainty bathing costumes. His children are as charming as ever. ("L'Album de Boulogne-sur-Mer," par "Mars," Paris: Imprimerie de Vaugirard.)



TROOPERS OF THE TASMANIAN CONTINGENT CONVEYING A FLOCK OF SHEEP FOR PRETORIA

MUTTON FOR THE TROOPS

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

The Mosque of the Barber at Kairwan

OUR illustration of the doorway of this celebrated mosque is the reproduction of a drawing by Sir Harry Johnston, who has recently left Tunis to proceed once more to Central Africa. Although the Jamaa-al-Kabir, or Great Mosque of Kairwan, and the Mosque of the Eleven Columns are in the greater part of their structure older than this beautiful Mosque of the Barber, which lies outside the walls of Kairwan, their actual foundation dates from a later epoch. The Mosque of the Barber, though it has been so completely rebuilt as to contain very little of the original structure, was, perhaps, the first religious building constructed by the Mahomedan Arabs in the North of Africa. Sidi Oqba had the honour to be barber to the Prophet Mahomet. (He is very often called Sidi Sahib, or My Lord the Companion). After Mahomet's death he became a great General in the Arab forces, and was the principal agent in effecting the first Arab conquest of Roman Africa. He died towards the latter end of the seventh century, after having founded the City of Kairwan. He was buried just outside the walls. A simple little building, often cited as one of the most primitive examples of Saracenic architecture, was erected over the tomb, and this by degrees has expanded into a group of handsome buildings, chiefly consisting of square courts, which are used as colleges. The doorway represented in our illustration is the principal entrance into the mosque. As is usual with these Mahomedan buildings, pigeons are encouraged to frequent them, and are often fed by persons coming to the mosque.

Some Election Reminiscences

By T. H. S. ESCOTT

"BAREFACED bribery of the most flagrant kind." In that nefarious transaction, passively, was concerned the present writer, then of somewhat tender and irresponsible years. In this wise it happened: From a time to the contrary of which human memory ran not, the now disfranchised borough of Bridgwater had returned to St. Stephen's two local worthies of high county distinction, even of national note. Both these gentlemen, during the electoral period of 1857, had together called at the country vicarage, where, as a child, I was staying, with a view of securing my host's vote. I had known both since I was of an age to "take notice" of anything. The younger of the two Parliamentary candidates (if living now, he would much have exceeded four-score years and ten, while his companion would be more than a hundred) was still more widely known by the name of a book of Eastern travel, written before the Queen's Accession. This gentleman had now taken me on his knee; he was in the act of giving me the *editio princeps* of "Eothen," as the other borough candidate followed him into the room. Both these gentlemen belonged externally to the same social type. The keen-featured, well-bred, huckish man of the world, who flourished in town and country what time Alvanley and Count Alfred D'Orsay were princes of fashion, and the professional dandies wore the same many-folded satin or silk arrangements round their neck that Brummell had made the vogue for an earlier generation. Each visitor was, in fact, an ideal specimen of the candidate, popular in constituencies during the decade before household franchise was brought in. "Eothen" Kinglake—by that sobriquet distinguished from his namesake and relative, the Sergeant—had lived in a modish set, all of whose members dressed and lounged after the same pattern. Kinglake, moreover, looked then the intellectual model of a fashionable author, with the air of chartered rakishness sometimes given by foreign travel to men fresh from the grand tour.

The traits familiar during his later years were all there in embryo then. Noticeably handsome, he had even then the soft deprecatory manner that was with him in his old age, and a voice so gentle that its utterances seemed to melt away in air. Nearly a whole generation after this early electioneering episode, few days passed in London without my finding myself for some hours in Kinglake's society. He had not forgotten the infantile incident; he sometimes liked to talk about his social reception in his native county and in London after "Eothen" had made him a lion. "People," he said, "used to look at me as if I was expected to carry them off, from husband and home, on an Arab steed."



ENTRANCE TO THE BARBER'S MOSQUE, KAIRWAN
DRAWN BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.

Kinglake's companion in his canvassing calls of four decades since was by a little his senior at Eton and in London life. The Tyntes of Halswell had supplied the town on the Parrett with representatives on the Thames from the date at which borough members were first known. The stylist of "Eothen" has been described as primarily chosen by Bridgwater for his literary eminence. Kinglake would sadly smile at the notion.

The Halswell connection and the Halswell gold were, he would say, the only two qualifications that in those days could gain or keep the Bridgwater seat. The Colonel Tynte returned with Kinglake in the later fifties was of more than county mark alone. No better bred man ever danced in Lady Jersey's Quadrilles at Almack's or afterwards lounged into Crockford's. This was the second Colonel Charles Kemys Tynte in the modern Halswell dynasty, the blandest and most open-handed of men. In rather earlier years, where now stands the Albert Hall, Grosvenor Lodge flourished, and Colonel Tynte had been a favourite in Lady Blessington's drawing-room. Count D'Orsay declared that next to himself Tynte was the best dressed man, with most distinction of style, in Europe. That Kensington salon brought the Bridgwater member the acquaintance, among others, of the future Napoleon III. "The next time you find yourself at Boulogne, if you come on to Paris, I may be able to put you up at the Tuileries." Such was the prophetic invitation, many years before the *coup d'état* was struck, given to Tynte by the coming arbiter of Europe. The occasion thus anticipated arrived. The Tuileries visit was really paid. The bold move of the Prince-President caused for a time Palmerston's eclipse; in the end it did the Minister no harm. So Colonel Tynte's little sojourn as the French Emperor's guest was thought to help him with his Bridgwater constituents. Such were two notable specimens of the candidates that found favour with the old ten-pounders—the shy, retiring man of genius, whose pen was the first to point those lessons of militant patriotism, since learned so well, that they promise to yield the same results at the General Election of 1900 as they produced after the Palmerstonian China Dissolution of three-and-forty years since; and the old-school man of the world who playfully, in the words opening these remarks, rallied his colleague, on observing a child in a constituent's house. Those were the halcyon days of West Country electioneering. No vote promised till the dibs are "paid." On that principle about election time, acted the patriots of the West Country town, and of a hundred other equally representative boroughs. In classical Hellas, piracy was not considered a discreditable calling. In Palmerstonian England, to sell one's vote to the highest bidder passed for the first duty of a husband and a father. Early during the polling week ran round the place the news that the "Man in the Moon" was on his way. What sublunary spot he had last touched before visiting Bridgwater none knew. But his coat-pockets bulged out with bullion and bank-notes before he held a levée of free and independent electors in a loft above the chief hotel in the place. The treasures had diminished in bulk when the philanthropist issued into the street. This 1857 election was noticeable in the borough now spoken of, because, apart from foreign policy issues, Protection versus Free Trade figured for the last time among the questions touched by the candidates. A *protégé* of Mr. Disraeli was one of the two Tory opponents of Kinglake and Tynte; Mr. Westropp, a perfect specimen of the old-school Irish squire, and Henry Padwick, a betting man and a money lender, who lived in Grosvenor Square, was the original of Mr. Bond's Sharpe in Disraeli's novel of "Tancred." He talked a good deal about his friend, the Conservative leader, to whom, perhaps, in much earlier years, he may have been of some use. The contest was considered good for trade. It sent up the price of plumpers and of split votes. There was an unusually large demand on the bakers for the small and big loaves, then not less conspicuous among Party insignia than the blue and orange ribbons, but the popular candidates had a walk over.

This General Election of 1857 is the earliest at which, in however humble a capacity, I can remember to have assisted. Some kindly person in the crowd helped a very small boy to mount two stairs of the hustings. I heard and can recall every word of Kinglake's almost whispered speech. Especially were his hearers impressed by a picturesque comparison between the rivers Jordan or Tiber and Parrett, drawn by the candidate, much to the advantage of the West Somerset stream. In the same vein, Libanus and Anti-Libanus were noticeable in their way, but a poor substitute for Mendip or Quantock.

Bridgwater's electoral traditions were at once peculiar and illustrious. In the person of its citizen, the famous Admiral Robert Blake, the town returned to the Long Parliament the first declared Democrat ever seated at St. Stephen's. In 1837 the constituency was canvassed by a gentleman with a name not less famous than R. Brinsley Sheridan, who sought to replace Mr. Leader—in point of time the earliest titular Radical sent to Westminster. At one of his meetings, this Sheridan was described as a dramatist of deathless renown. The gentleman thus referred to by a gesture, deprecated the soft impeachment. A local paper on the other side published next day an article, gravely pointing out that, as the author of the *Critic* died in 1816, similarity of names would seem to have led to some confusion of identity.

This 1857 appeal to the constituencies suggests other resemblances than those already mentioned to the conditions under which the sense of the country in the present year is being recurring to. Then, indeed, unlike now, the Houses were in full session. On the other hand, in 1857, as in 1900, in addition to other topics a Chinese question exercised the country. In the March of 1857, by 263 to 247 votes, Cobden had carried his motion condemning the Palmerston Cabinet for its violent measures in the affair of the Lovcha Arrow. The defeat was followed by the Prime Minister's appeal to the country. Cobden was displaced at Huddersfield. John Bright and Milner Gibson were dismissed by Manchester. In the following April the New Parliament gave the Prime Minister a following of considerably more than five hundred. Of the 287 Conservatives many owed their return to their adhesion to the Palmerstonian policy. Throughout the West of England the Minister's popularity was in this time appreciably enhanced by his interest in the school, long regarded as a Somerset-Winchester, Blundell's Foundation at Tiverton. It was a school half-holiday in perfect weather. Walking with a friend into the big schoolroom one day he found a boy evidently kept in to do an imposition. Glancing over his (the lad's) shoulder, the Premier saw what was the task. Turning to the gentleman who accompanied him, he said, "Acland, do that boy's verses for him and let him get out." In less than five minutes the prisoner, freed, was rushing off to the cricket field. The kind intervention, perhaps, gained the Minister more than one vote on a division. By parentage the boy was of a Tory colour. He has since been a judge of Conservative making. His father's earliest support of the Tiverton member synchronised with the half-holiday incident now related. One more reminiscence of old-time elections in the West may be given. Some ten miles from Taunton still stands the birthplace of John Pym. Here, when sitting for Tavistock in 1641, he passed his vacations. The place, Brymore House, about 1700 became the property of its present Bouverie owners. One of this family, with another Somersetshire squire of his way of thinking, on the eve of the fifties, when Liberal Conservatives were much what Liberal Unionists are to-day, challenged the exclusive representation of the district by Tory Protectionists. County families were then still in the habit of impoverishing themselves by forlorn hopes against seats held by a rival house. The fight now spoken of was really antique in its ferocity. In the town, where the polling took place, the roars round the hustings on polling day was that of a tempest which lays oaks low. Both the Liberals were the unpopular candidates. Throughout the whole of their speeches they were occupied in "warding" off from their persons incessant volleys of rotten eggs and dead cats. They lost the battle, and the chief speaker of the two took farewell of the constituency amid a shower of the disagreeable missiles in words often quoted:—"West Somerset shall still be renowned for the fatness of its soil and the folly of its country gentlemen."

Perhaps there are some who do not now remember that the Westminster borough hustings used to stand just outside St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. Here when he was visiting his committee-room, or addressing the electors, during the summer of 1865, were often visible the tall, spare figure and the finely cut, always severe, features of John Stuart Mill. The philosophic Radical was far from being an idol of the mob. One particularly hot day, about to leave the neighbourhood, Mill found himself followed by a hostile and hooting mob. He walked on calmly, without taking the slightest notice. As he entered Southampton Street the crowd yielded to a sudden revulsion of feeling. Led by an artizan, it began madly to cheer the man whom till then it had been hissing. By the time the philosopher came up to the *Saturday Review* office he was a hot favourite. Passing into the



A MOORISH GARDEN AT LA MARSA, TUNIS
DRAWN BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.

Strand and entering a hansom, he, with difficulty, prevailed on his worshippers not to unharness the horse and drag him in triumph to Charing Cross.

In a Moorish Garden

THIS illustration is a view taken in the beautiful garden of the British Consul-General at La Marsa, near Tunis. The country house, which is the principal residence of the British Consul-General in the Regency of Tunis, was originally a palace belonging to the Bey, who, however, presented it to the British Government during the fifties, to replace a former country residence which a former Bey had wrongfully confiscated at a time when he was on bad terms with the Acting British Consul-General. Under the long reign of the celebrated Sir Richard Wood (who was the Sir John Kirk of Tunis; in fact, curiously enough, three great African Pro-Consuls reigned almost simultaneously—Sir John Drummond Hay in Morocco, Sir Richard Wood in Tunis, and Sir John Kirk at Zanzibar), this palace at La Marsa was added to, but the additions were in the very best taste, and in a Saracenic style hardly to be distinguished from the rest of the building. The garden is evidently a very old one. It is of considerable extent, perhaps twenty acres, and possesses two noble avenues of cypresses. It has probably existed as a palace garden two thousand years or more, just as the British Consulate General or former palace of the Bey, and further back still the home of a powerful Arab family named Ben Ayad, has been itself constructed from the remains and on the site of a Roman villa. La Marsa, it will be remembered, was once a suburb (Megara) of Carthage. The house and grounds of the British Consul-General lie between the modern town of Marsa and the site of Carthage. The palace at La Marsa is one of the most beautiful dwellings abroad in the possession of the British Government.

"At School and at Sea"

THIS volume may truthfully be said to be suitable to readers of all ages. To the elderly it will recall the school days of their youth, and the Navy as it was in the "forties" and "fifties," whilst to boys it will prove of much greater interest, and fuller of incidents and amusing anecdotes than the majority of "boys' books," besides which, it has the advantage of being a true record of a youngster's "Life at School and at Sea."

The volume opens with a description of Harrow in the time of Dr. Wordsworth, a head master who was succeeded by Dr. Vaughan before "Martello Tower" left the school to become a cadet in Her Majesty's Navy. Fictitious names are used throughout the book, but doubtless many old Harrovians and naval officers will be able to recognise the heroes of some of the anecdotes related by the writer. His first ship was the *Cuba*, a "medium-sized, barrel-bottomed" frigate, in which he served for three years on the Australian station. Under the auspices of the quarter-master, Heeley—a character worthy of Captain Marryat—he soon became a proficient sailor. The lack of space prevents us entering into the many jokes and incidents he describes, but we can assure our readers that they are most entertaining. The author writes as much for landsmen as for men of his own profession, explaining as he goes along such mysteries as dog-watches—so-called, as he was informed by a brother midshipman, because they were watches *cur-tailed*—the niceties of naval etiquette, and other details that are beyond the comprehension of mere land-lubbers. In these latitudes he became an expert boat-sailer, an accomplishment that stood him in good stead during his next commission in the Mediterranean. It would almost seem as if there is some connection between boat-sailing and literature, for the best naval books, or rather biographies that have appeared of late have been written by officers who were celebrated for their boat-sailing capabilities, namely, Sir H. Keppel, Admiral Lyons, and Admiral Kennedy, to whom we may now add "Martello Tower." The author served with the Naval Brigade in the trenches around Sebastopol, and took part in the Kertch Expedition, of both of which he gives a capital description. The book concludes with the promotion of "Martello Tower" to the rank of "full-blown lieutenant," and with a promise—which we hope to see fulfilled—of a further volume dealing with his later career.

"At School and at Sea." By "Martello Tower." (Munsey)



PRIVATE C. WARD
Who has been awarded the V.C.



CAPTAIN W. E. GORDON
Who has been awarded the V.C.



MAJOR A. G. PAWLE, C.I.V.
Appointed Receiver of Revenue at Johannesburg



THE LATE CAPT. A. M. KNOWLES
Killed at Rietfontein



CAPTAIN J. E. H. ORR, C.I.V.
Appointed Secretary to the Military Governor of Pretoria

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

"THIS is my war," the then Empress of the French is said to have exclaimed in 1870. "This is my election," Mr. Chamberlain might exclaim to-day—not meaning, perhaps, that he had made the election, but that the election has made him. The events of the past fortnight have materially altered his political prospects. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is the man of the moment; many are convinced that he is the man of the future, and most admit that he is now the heir-apparent to the Premiership.

Lord Salisbury is seventy years of age, and, should he form his fourth Administration after the elections, it is considered unlikely that he would retain office for more than a year or two. Many Conservatives in Parliament and in the country are clamouring for a "strong man," and are satisfied that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has the requisite strength. It is around him that the electioneering battle is being fought most fiercely; it is his name which is serving as the battle-cry; it is practically he who is commanding the Unionist forces in action. The voices of Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach come faintly from the outskirts of the fray.

It is not to be denied that the Conservatives have found a new leader, and that is the most important episode of the elections. For a year or two now Mr. Chamberlain has grown in popularity on the Unionist side. The events of the past fortnight have convinced those who were prepared to be convinced and many who were unconvinced. In every club the same phrases are repeated: "He is a strong man, and it is a strong man we want." "Never mind his past, it is his future which concerns us." "We may not like him, but we did not like Mr. Disraeli, and the latter became our champion; so will the former." For the political philosopher the situation is especially interesting.

Politicians are eagerly waiting for the time when the new Administration has to be formed. That there will be several changes is inevitable; the retirement of Mr. Goschen renders reorganisation unavoidable. Besides that, there are new politicians who have claims to be considered, and there are Ministers who have lost the confidence of the public. The most interesting element in the re-arrangement will be the influence which Mr. Chamberlain may succeed in exercising. The late Lord Randolph Churchill—when at the height of his career—imposed two Ministers on Lord Salisbury, one of them a nominee of his own who was scarcely known. Will Mr. Chamberlain attempt to interfere in the Cabinet-making negotiations? Will his interference be resisted, and, if it is, to what length will the resistance be maintained? Will his influence dominate the considerations? Those are all especially interesting matters which will help to make history in the future.

To the officers and men in the regular Army, in the Yeomanry, in the Militia, and in the Volunteers the much-talked-of military reforms are of great importance. Are the reforms to be nominal or substantial? Is the new Government to spend money in providing new guns, in accumulating ammunition, and in increasing the numerical strength of the Army, or will it reorganise the system? Reorganisation—to be effective—would in this direction be little less than a revolution. There are two classes of British officers. The first is composed of elder sons who join the Army because it provides reputable and not too exacting occupation, and who generally resign shortly after they succeed to their estates or marry. In the second are the younger sons who serve until they have secured an heiress or a pension. Allied with these are all the men and women in the country who have place, power or position.

Where is the indiscreet Minister who would interfere with that almost impregnable combination? It is admitted on all sides that

our officers fight bravely, always, but unintelligently frequently. The system must be remodelled, work must be the central idea, ambition must be the motive-power. The programme is excellent, but how are the officers whose objects have been described in the paragraph before this to be made ambitious and to be forced to work? Will it be advisable to drive out of the Army the elder sons and the younger sons of the well-to-do and the well connected? By increasing the pay and augmenting the opportunities of attaining high rank, some of the younger sons might be induced to take the career very seriously, but few of the elder sons.

The prizes of the profession might be placed nearly within the reach of the private, but as that would affect the whole social system in the Army, it would certainly be resented, and might have injurious consequences. A thorough reorganisation on popular lines must arouse the indignation of the well-connected class; nothing short of that will satisfy the public in its present state of mind. The last words, however, supply the key to the difficulty. The public will not continue in its present state of mind for long, and a thorough-going reform of the Army on the lines that have been indicated will be postponed.

The Situation in South Africa

It may now be said that the war in South Africa has given place to the military, or rather to the police, situation in the two newest Colonies of the British Crown. General Baden-Powell has returned to Pretoria to take over the command of the Imperial Police Force, to the number of 12,000, which is being formed for the maintenance of order in the conquered Republics, and our troops are already beginning to return home. Six companies of the Royal Canadian Regiment were the first to leave Pretoria *en route* for the Dominion, though not before they were reviewed by Lord Roberts and highly complimented for the work they had done, especially at Paardeberg—fighting work which from first to last had entailed upon them a loss of 160 in killed and wounded. The C.I.V.'s, too, who have always been quite as much to the front, and have more than answered to the expectations that were entertained of this modern trainband regiment of "famous London town," will be home by the end of the month; while the Guards, whose marching all across South Africa from Belmont to Komati Poort has never been surpassed by British troops, are now also on their way back. Before leaving that eastern frontier place, the Brigade of Guards figured most conspicuously in a review of about 12,000 British troops which was incidentally held in honour of the birthday of the King of Portugal, whose flag they saluted as well as that of the Queen—a compliment which was vastly appreciated by the Portuguese officials present as well as by those at Ressano Garcia, to whom Pole-Carew afterwards rode over to pay his respects. The holding of this review was a very graceful and a very characteristic act of international courtesy on the part of Lord Roberts, who must have thus assured the Portuguese that we have every desire to respect their territorial rights, and to live with them in South Africa on neighbourly terms. It is sad to think that this military display at Komati Poort should have been followed a few days later by the death of two Gordon Highlanders and the wounding of eighteen others from the explosion of some captured Boer ammunition which was being destroyed—an accident which was but a repetition of one of the same sort that happened recently to our troops in China. On the other hand, the Boers themselves have saved our men from other perils of a similar kind by destroying their ammunition and guns for us. Thus in the Crocodile River, near Hector Spruit, Ian Hamilton found the *débris* of thirteen guns of various kinds, including two of our own which the Boers had captured. It was well that their wanton destructiveness stopped here and did not extend to the eight miles of railway engines and trains, valued by Lord Kitchener at three millions sterling, which Pole-Carew found accumulated on the Selati and Delagoa Bay lines, which latter has now been repaired and restored to working order, thanks to the untiring energy of the hero of Khartoum. Apart from the immense haul of rolling-stock—which is some little compensation for the gold in various forms that Mr. Kruger has managed to ship for Europe—our troops during the last days of their advance to Komati Poort, captured more than 10,000 head of cattle. On the other side of the account, however, must be placed the foundering of our transport *Suffolk* off Klippen Point, *en route* to Port Elizabeth, involving the loss of 100 artillery and 830 cavalry horses. There are now only two serious Boer commandoes in the field—those of Erasmus and De Wet—and steps have been taken to

dispose of them, after which it is probable that Lord Roberts, his work concluded, will return to England, as Scipio Africanus returned to Rome, to enjoy his triumph, and take up his new post as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in succession to Lord Wolseley. Meanwhile the return of the Natal Volunteers, which had been arranged for, has had to be postponed owing to the capture of a convoy of waggons in charge of an escort of that force, east of Dejagers Drift.

Captain William Engleson Gordon, of the Gordon Highlanders, has been awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery shown in the following circumstances:—On July 11, 1900, during the action near Leehoehoe (or Doornbosch Fontein), near Krugersdorp, a party of men, accompanied by Captains Younger and Allen, having succeeded in dragging an artillery wagon under cover when its horses were unable to do so by reason of the heavy and accurate fire of the enemy, Captain Gordon called for volunteers to go out with him to try to bring in one of the guns. He went out alone to the nearest gun under a heavy fire, and with the greatest coolness fastened a drag-rope to the gun, and then beckoned to the men, who immediately doubled out to join him in accordance with his previous instructions. While moving the gun, Captain Younger and three men were hit. Seeing that further attempts would only result in further casualties, Captain Gordon ordered the remainder of the party under cover of the kopje again, and, having seen the wounded safely away, himself retired. Captain Gordon's conduct, under a particularly heavy and most accurate fire at only 850 yards' range, was most admirable, and his manner of handling his men most masterly; his devotion on every occasion that his battalion has been under fire has been remarkable. Captain David Reginald Younger, the Gordon Highlanders, would have been recommended to Her Majesty for the Victoria Cross had he survived.

Private C. Ward, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, has also been awarded the V.C. On June 26, at Lindley, a picket of the Yorkshire Light Infantry was surrounded on three sides by about 500 Boers at close quarters. The two officers were wounded, and all but six of their men were killed or wounded. Private Ward then volunteered to take a message asking for reinforcements to the signalling station about 150 yards in the rear of the post. His offer was at first refused owing to the practical certainty of his being shot; but on his insisting he was allowed to go. He got across untouched through a storm of bullets from each flank, and, having delivered his message, he voluntarily returned from a place of absolute safety and recrossed the fire-swept ground to assure his commanding officer that the message had been sent. On this occasion he was severely wounded. But for this gallant action the post would certainly have been captured.

Captain Alfred M. Knowles, 3rd Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, was killed at Rietfontein on the 9th ult. He was a captain in the Nottinghamshire Yeomanry (South Notts Hussars), and went to South Africa with the rank of lieutenant in the Army on February 3 last. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Major A. G. Pawle, C.I.V., has been appointed Receiver of Revenue for all taxes, revenues, dues, licences, royalties, and moneys mentioned in the proclamation of Lord Roberts, dated August 20, 1900, and therefore payable at the offices of the Mining Commissioners at Johannesburg, Boksburg, Florida, Krugersdorp, Koksoord and Heidelberg, which moneys are now to be paid to Major Pawle at the Revenue Offices, Johannesburg. Major Pawle is lieutenant-colonel and honorary colonel of the 18th Middlesex Volunteers, and wears the Volunteer Decoration. He is a solicitor, and went out with the C.I.V. last January as second in command of the battalion under Lord Albemarle, with temporary rank of major in the army. Our portrait is by J. Caswall Smith.

Captain J. E. H. Orr, also of the C.I.V., has been appointed secretary to the Military Governor of Pretoria vice Major C. Thompson, 7th Dragoon Guards, who was to rejoin his regiment. This notification was signed by Major-General Maxwell on August 30. Captain Orr was lieutenant (retired) of the Royal Artillery, and was gazetted with the temporary rank of captain in the army (for transport duties with the C.I.V.) on January 3. Our portrait is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand.

A Correspondent points out that our portrait of the late Sir Alfred Jephson showed that distinguished officer with only three medals, whereas he had, since the photograph was taken, received two more medals and an order.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"THE WEDDING GUEST"

THE hand of the author of *A Window in Thrums* and *The Little Minister* is revealed in Mr. Barrie's new play at the GARRICK Theatre in many a welcome touch of delicate humour and not a few passages of tenderness of a peculiarly subtle and moving kind. Even such rare qualities as these, however, cannot wholly redeem an unfortunate choice of subject, still less a lack of tact in the handling of the dramatist's materials. The story of *The Wedding Guest* is another variation on the familiar theme of the husband, the wife, and the discarded mistress. Mr. Paul Digby, a young artist, has won the affections of a beautiful and innocent girl—Miss Margaret Fairbairn, daughter of a Scottish laird, but unfortunately she has kept from her a painful secret of his past life. What that secret is the audience are not long in divining. Among the crowd at the wedding, which, in Scottish fashion, takes place in the drawing-room of the house of the father, there appears a mysterious woman, who, when the ceremony reaches its climax, suddenly faints and, with a shriek, falls to the ground. No one of the assembly, however, appears to have understood the significance of this incident,

the new-fashioned amateur of "problem plays" are left to make what they can. With all its faults *The Wedding Guest* pleased the audience; but their pleasure was largely due to the author's skill in portraiture and his ever-welcome gift of humour. The Scottish wedding, which occupies the first act, is delightful, and the quarrels and reconciliations of the laird and the parson Gibson over the draught-board in the last act afforded abundant entertainment, admirably played as these personages were by Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Henry Vibart. Miss Dorothea Baird, as Margaret, was the very ideal of grace and innocence; and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, though a little inclined to exaggerate the intermittent frenzies of the unhappy Kate, exhibited genuine power. The fact that Digby is portrayed as a rather drifting and helpless person is not the fault of Mr. H. B. Irving, who plays the peccant artist with skill and discretion. Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones made a very favourable impression as the chiet bridesmaid, and Miss Blanche Wilmot, as Kate's little Scottish nursemaid, brought out Mr. Barrie's wholesome humour in a really charming way.

"THE LACKEY'S CARNIVAL"

Audiences in these days do not expect absolute novelty in the story of a new play, but are, as a rule, content if dramatic ideas are served up afresh in an effective fashion. There is still, however, reason to regret that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has not been able to find for his new comedy, *The Lackey's Carnival*, at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre, any theme less familiar than that of the young wife who

London audiences, achieved a decided success by the sincerity which she was enabled to impart to the distresses of Mrs. Stephen Oglander. Mr. Herbert Waring played the self-torturing husband in his customary grave and impressive manner, and some other parts of more or less prominence were very effectively played by Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. Bromley-Davenport, Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. J. Willes, and Miss Ida Molesworth.

The young Prince of Denmark "defied augury," and Herr Schultz-Curtius, who will commence a series of German performances at the COMEDY Theatre on Friday next, is not less contemptuous in his attitude towards popular superstitions. This gentleman's first nights are to be all Fridays, and it would appear that his bill is to be changed regularly once a week. The opening production will be Herr Fulda's *Jugendfreunde*, coupled with the prologue to Goethe's *Faust*.

Meanwhile the German Dramatic Society, who, it will be remembered, were playing in London last autumn and winter, have once more taken up their abode at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, under the direction of Mr. Charles Schenfield, pending the building in London of a special German theatre for their accommodation. Thus we have—or rather shall have in a few days—two companies playing pieces in the German language. The Society's operations commenced on Thursday evening with a representation of Goethe's *Iphigenie* with



At the annual festival of the Ravensbourne Swimming Club, which took place at the Westminster Baths, the lady competitors provided the most exciting item in the hundred yards race for the Ravensbourne Challenge Cup. This handsome trophy was won outright last year by Miss Beryl Cudlipp, of the Portsmouth Ladies' Club, who came to compete for the new one, as did Miss Thorpe, of the Leeds Club, amateur lady champion of Yorkshire; Miss M. Graham, of the Glasgow Club, amateur lady champion

of Scotland; and Miss Hilson, of Jersey. In the four preliminary heats Miss Thorpe did the best time of the contest, winning with the utmost ease in 1 min. 31 2-5 sec., or exactly three seconds better than Miss Cudlipp. A very close contest took place in the final heat between these two ladies, but Miss Thorpe won a splendid race by five yards in 1 min. 32 2-5 sec.

A LADIES' SWIMMING RACE: THE START FOR THE RAVENSBORNE CHALLENGE CUP
DRAWN BY PHIL EBBUTT

which brings the first act to a close, save Digby himself. In the next act we find ourselves in the lodgings of Kate Ommaney, the mysterious woman referred to, whither Margaret has come, moved by sympathy and compassion. Kate being temporarily absent, the young bride beguiles the time with conversation with a nursemaid and with fondling a baby in a cradle, all which affords to the spectators, though not to the innocent visitor, further indications of approaching revelations. Even when Kate returns and alarms her visitor by her half-distraught manner and sarcastic utterances Margaret has no suspicion. With the appearance, however, of Digby on the scene an explanation becomes inevitable; but still the author delays this long foreseen stage in the development of his story by a number of trivial devices. Among these is that of making Kate drop asleep in a chair exhausted by one of her fits of mental excitement. There is, indeed, throughout this protracted act a sort of feeble ebb and flow, together with a succession of abortive climaxes which are directly opposed to the canons of the playwright's art. The gradual softening of Kate's harsh nature in the contemplation of her rival's sweetness and innocence is in the doubtless pretty, though it has no influence on the progress of the story, since Digby finally cuts the knot by confessing that Kate had been his mistress and that the child was his. "What is to be done?" may be said to be the refrain of the last act. Many are the proposals and suggestions, but in the end the wife forgives and the forsaken Kate with her child goes forth into the world. Such is the *dénouement* of which the old-fashioned moralist and

suffers herself to be "blackmailed" by a scoundrel to whom in former days she has been imprudent enough to write a couple of innocent compromising letters; and the more so because the author's constructive skill is not so conspicuous on this occasion as it is wont to be. A long third act is almost entirely taken up with the details of a riotous ball given by Thomas Tarboy, Sir Richard Oglander's valet and the arch-villain of the piece, to his fellow-servants and friends in the ballroom of his master's house at Kensington during the absence of the family; but though this new version of *High Life Below Stairs*, shorn of its humour and drollery, is deemed important enough to furnish the title of the play, it has really little influence upon the action. A similar remark applies to the elaborate inquiries made with the aid of detectives by Sir George Carcy, an eminent lawyer, into the mystery of certain clandestine meetings between Tarboy and Mrs. Stephen Oglander, which have aroused the suspicions of her husband and driven him to paroxysms of jealous fury. The problem is how to restore peace and concord in the Oglander household; but this is after all solved not by detectives but by the suspected wife's frank though tardy statement of the facts, and, above all, by her solemn asseveration of innocence. For all this there is much clever writing in *A Lackey's Carnival*, and many characters that are sketched with a firm hand. The comedy is, moreover, and exceedingly well acted. Tarboy, the valet, insolent, designing, and self-confident to the last, is raised by Mr. Allan Aynesworth far above the rank of a commonplace factor in melodrama, and Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, who has hitherto been but little known to

Gluck's music, followed on Friday by Ibsen's *Nora*, and to-day (Saturday), by Sudermann's *Heimath*.

Sir Henry Irving has, it appears, thought better of his project of appearing in Lord Byron's *Maufrat*. Though avowedly not written for the stage, this somewhat mystic and sombre drama has more than once been performed. The play is, however, wholly void of action, and has been chiefly valued by managers for the opportunities it affords for scenic and musical illustration.

Most playgoers must have observed the growing tendency to crowd the programmes with lists of characters and performers. The new drama at DRURY LANE presents in this way an array of thirty-two "speaking parts," while Mr. J. M. Barrie's new piece at the GARRICK has no fewer than forty-eight. As it is the business of the dramatist in general to concentrate the interest of his story on a limited number of leading personages, it follows that lists of such abnormal length must include many parts of little importance.

On the other hand the programme of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre comprises nineteen characters only, while in the new piece with which Mr. Charles Wyndham is preparing to open his theatre in the Charing Cross Road, the same author has been content with ten.



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THE LATE LIEUTENANT W. R. HARRIOTT
Died of wounds received at Diamond Hill



THE LATE LIEUT. H. T. STANLEY
Killed near Hexpoort



THE LATE LIEUT. W. V. ST. C. MCLAREN
Died of exposure in South Africa

Our Portraits

MUCH regret will be felt in cricketing circles at the news of the death in action of Lieutenant H. T. Stanley. In Somersetshire he was exceedingly popular, and probably his best cricket was shown while playing for his county, for which he scored 127 in the match with Gloucestershire last year. Lieutenant Stanley was the son of Mr. E. J. Stanley, M.P. for the Bridgwater Division of Somersetshire. He joined the West Somersetshire Yeomanry Cavalry in 1897, became lieutenant in 1898, and was commissioned in the Imperial Yeomanry in February last. Lieutenant Stanley was killed in a skirmish which occurred between a party of Boers and General Clements's force near Hexpoort. Our portrait is by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

Lieutenant William Victor St. Clair McLaren, who died from exposure near Pretoria on the morning of July 26, was the younger son of the late W. S. McLaren, Heidelberg, Transvaal, and of Mrs. McLaren, now of Wiston, Lanarkshire. He was born at Heidelberg on May 24, 1877, and was educated at Merchiston Castle School Edinburgh, Leipzig, and Jesus College, Cambridge. In June of last year he was gazetted to the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and sailed for the Cape in October. He took part in the battles of Modder River, Magersfontein, Koodesberg Drift,

Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, and Driefontein, and in the numerous smaller engagements from the entry into Bloemfontein till after the taking of Pretoria, through all of which he passed without scathe. On July 25 the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, acting as rear-guard to a long supply column, about thirty miles to the east of Pretoria, experienced a terrific storm of rain and thunder; the night following was bitterly cold, and it was found in the morning that Lieutenant McLaren had succumbed. He was a most promising young officer, and was a great favourite in his regiment. Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

Troop-Sergeant-Major Ronald Adam, Lord Loch's Horse, has just been given a commission in the 1st King's Dragoon Guards. Loch's Horse took a prominent place in front of Lord Roberts's main advance; they crossed the Vaal first and held the mines for two hours before they were supported, thus saving them from being blown up. They also saved the Vaal bridge, one span of which only had been blown up before their arrival. A party of six patched up a boat, made from paddles, which leaked terribly, and went down the river to examine the bridge. They found 600 charges of dynamite neatly hidden away, all connected up with wires under the water. These they traced up and found connected with the telegraph wires which crossed the river some way lower down, so that the centre bridge could have been blown up at any

time either from Johannesburg or the Klip River, but the party promptly cut the wires and the danger was averted. Our portrait is by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

Mr. R. Harwar Gill, son of Major Wallace Gill, late of the 1st Volunteer Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment, was in July last granted a commission in the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, now stationed at Rangoon. Mr. Gill was lieutenant commanding the Cyclists' West Yorkshire Volunteer Infantry Brigade, and is author of "The Military Cyclists' Handbook." He went out to South Africa as a sergeant in the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment. Our portrait is by Midgley Asquith, Harrogate.

Lieutenant William Rupert Harriott, N.S.W. Mounted Infantry, who died from wounds received at the battle of Diamond Hill, near Pretoria, was born at Armidale, N.S.W., in 1876. He was gazetted supernumerary second lieutenant in the Army Service Corps of New South Wales in July, 1899, and afterwards received a commission as second lieutenant. On the outbreak of the war he received a commission as second lieutenant in the N.S.W. Mounted Infantry (second contingent) under Colonel Knight, and left Sydney in the transport ss. *Southern Cross* on January 17, 1900. He was very popular both with officers and men. Our photograph is by W. B. Clarke, Sydney.



DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

A smoking concert was given by the non-commissioned officers and men of the New South Wales Artillery Volunteers to the Victorian and New South Wales Naval Contingents for China. The concert

took place in the Sydney Town Hall. The public were admitted to the galleries, the body of the Hall being reserved for the blusjackets. The concert was a great success and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed

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Exhibition Jottings

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

YET another four weeks and the glories of the Champ de Mars and the Esplanade des Invalides will have come to an end, and the Exhibition of 1900 will have joined the things that were. Meanwhile there is no falling off in the attendance; the weekdays keep up a steady average of a quarter of a million, and the half-million is generally exceeded on Sundays.

The low price of the tickets may have something to do with this. These can now be had for twopence apiece, and there is every prospect that they will go to a penny a dozen in a couple of weeks' time. Sixty-five millions were issued, and only twenty-six millions have been used, so that there are still thirty-nine millions in the hands of the public. It, therefore, stands to reason that when November 5, the day of closing, arrives, there will be twenty to twenty-five million tickets still unused.

It was in the interest of the holders of these tickets that the proposal was made either to prolong the Exhibition or to close it and reopen it again next year in whole or in part. Both proposals, however, have failed to meet with the approval of the powers that be, so that on November 6 the first stroke of the pickaxe will be given to the most marvellous Exhibition the world has ever seen.

A proposal was made to conserve the Salle des Fêtes. Though constructed in the same perishable lath and plaster as the rest of the Exhibition, it is under cover in what was formerly the Galerie des Machines. It is therefore not exposed to the elements and might be used for years. It is, however, very far from the centre of Paris, and when the rest of the buildings are gone it would be in the middle of a howling wilderness. It is therefore badly placed for public ceremonies, and will, therefore, be torn down with the rest. The Galerie des Machines, too, is doomed, I hear. It completely masks the Ecole Militaire, one of the handsomest buildings in Paris, and its destruction has therefore been decided. It will be a loss to the military authorities, who used it as a drill hall in inclement weather. A couple of squadrons of cavalry could easily drill under its enormous span.

One visitor to the Exhibition whose visit has had disastrous consequences is Prince Jukanthor, son of King Norodom of Cambodia. If the young man, who is the eldest of Norodom's thirty-three sons, had contented himself with inspecting the wonders of the Champ de Mars all would have been well. But he insisted on plunging into politics and bombarded the Government with indiscreetly worded communications on the mal-administration of his father's kingdom by French officials.

As this seemed to have no effect he took the public into his confidence in the columns of the *Figaro*. In addition he committed the indiscretion of giving himself out to be the heir apparent to the throne, ignoring the fact that by Cambodian custom the King is succeeded by his eldest brother. This was fatal to him. Some friend of Mr. Doumer, Governor-General of Indo-China, cabled the *Figaro* article out to Saigon. The result was a peremptory telegram to Prince Jukanthor to return at once to his father's dominions.

The prospects of the kind of reception he was likely to get on his return after his escapades in Paris did not evidently fill him with enthusiasm. He, however, feigned to consent, and allowed the French Government to take cabins for him and his suite on the first steamer for Indo-China. When, however, the moment came for leaving, he induced one of his servants to personate him, while he himself fled to Brussels. Since then the telegraph has been humming between Paris and Brussels, Marseilles, Port Said, and Saigon. The horrified officials of the Colonial Ministry are trying to get to the bottom of the mystery, but so far without success.

The bottom of the whole affair is probably an intrigue against M. Doumer, the Governor-General of Indo-China. The position of French Satrap in the Far East is too brilliant a one not to be coveted by many people. In fact it is a notorious fact that the Governor of Indo-China generally subsidises half a dozen Paris journals to defend his position and his policy. M. Doumer has, however, been the most successful of all Governors-General of Indo-China, and it will require a great deal to shake his position.

One of the most remarkable features of the Exhibition of 1900 has been the encouragement given to ballooning. Every fortnight since the Exhibition opened there have been competitions in which as many as fifteen balloons have taken part. These competitions have been of all kinds—longest distances, longest time spent in the air, greatest altitude attained, race to a fixed point, &c., &c.

But what excites still greater interest than the Vincennes competitions is the coming attempt of M. Santos-Dumont to win the Deutsch prize of 100,000 francs. The conditions are that he should start from the grounds of the Aero Club, in the Bois de Boulogne, sail round the Eiffel Tower, and come back to his original starting-place. The attempt may now take place any day, M. Santos-Dumont only waiting for favourable weather. He has already proved that his motor can drive his balloon against a ten-knot breeze. The only crux in the problem is as to whether the balloon will obey the helm. On the last experiment the steering-gear unfortunately gave way and therefore could not be tested. M. Santos-Dumont's flying machine is undoubtedly the most serious

attempt yet made to settle the problem of aerial navigation. The balloon which took part in the recent military manoeuvres is illustrated on another page.

The Lipton Cup

A SOLID silver cup has been presented by Sir Thomas Lipton to the New York Yacht Club. The cup is in the form



of a vase, having on each side a sea-horse, emblematical of speed. On the front of the body of the cup is a panel, having an allegorical group representing Britannia and Columbia uniting in encouraging the sport of yacht racing. They also support a shield bearing the inscription. On the reverse there is a corresponding panel having the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack in enamel entwined with a wreath of laurel. The foot is ornamented with marine trophies and shells, and has figures of a Triton and a Mermaid at either side. Between these figures is placed the badge of the New York Yacht Club on one side, and on the other the arms, crest and motto of Sir Thomas Lipton, both carried out in enamel in proper colours. Resting upon the upper portion of the cup there are two American eagles with dolphins between, and the lid is surmounted with a figure of Victory. The base is composed of ebonised wood, with solid silver panels at either side, one showing a yacht race and the other a view of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty. The cup was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, Regent Street.

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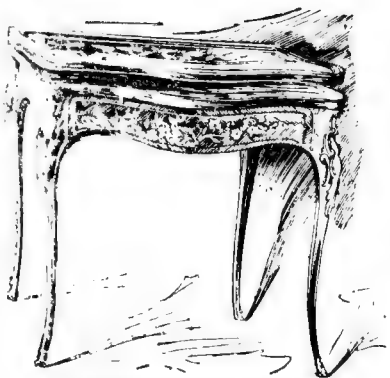
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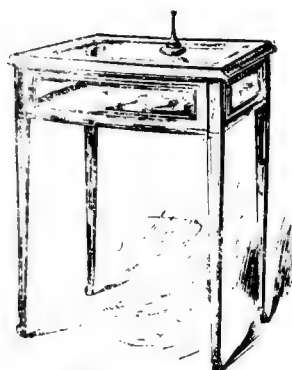
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Here lie buried Lieutenant A. V. West, of the 2nd Royal Berks Regiment, a sergeant and an unknown private. Our photograph is by Mrs. Elise Watts

AT THE FOOT OF THE BERKS MOUNTAIN, NEAR COLESBERG

New Novels

"THE ISLE OF UNREST"

MR. HENRY SETON MERRIMAN is invariably happy in the setting of his stories—indeed, his stage management is always so superlatively good as almost to distract attention from the corresponding merit of his drama. "The Isle of Unrest," as he calls his latest novel (Smith, Elder and Co.), is Corsica; a region still sufficiently unknown to admit of its being made the scene of virtually unlimited romance, while it would be rash to say that even unlimited romance would reach the limit of actual reality. Mr. Merriman, however, does appear to know Corsica as well as many better and some even less explored parts of the globe; and he is thus able to render the peculiarities of its landscape with the picturesqueness of well-chosen detail, and to give life to the yet more striking peculiarities of its unique people. Nor less complete is his success when he leaves the narrow, almost stifling atmosphere of *Vendetta* for the larger air of France after Sedan, when so many Frenchmen and Frenchwomen rose to truly heroic heights of patriotic self-devotion that should never be forgotten. The story, which takes rather too long a time in getting up its interest—though it more than makes up for lost time afterwards—is not of the sort that can be compressed into a sentence, depending so much as it does upon a great variety of unfamiliar conditions. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, Lov'd I not honour more" is the motto of which it is not unworthy.

"THE NEW ORDER"

Mr. Oswald Crawford, as he explains at length in his dedicatory preface, intends his "The New Order: A Novel of To-day" (Grant Richards) for a new departure in fiction. Unquestionably new forms are badly needed, unless the old ones are to be worn to pieces. His view is to revive what he calls the "processional" novel of the earliest writers—that is to say, the string of adventures encountered by a traveller through life, without complexity of plot or other elements borrowed from the drama; but with this important difference, that the hero of the adventures shall be, not a person, but an idea. The particular idea he has fixed upon for his own venture is the doctrine that whereas Free Trade conduces to national wealth, Protection, judiciously regulated, makes for individual happiness, and that the country must make up its collective

mind whether it prefers greater wealth for the few or greater happiness for the many. The idea takes entire possession of the brilliant and eloquent young Herbert Strangway, already distinguished by all manner of scholastic and athletic honours. First, he converts his no less brilliant and accomplished sister, then (after knocking him down) a yet more brilliant and eloquent young graduate, with a tremendous strength of passion that threatens to develop into homicidal mania, and then, with continuous and self-multiplying triumph, everybody who comes within his magic circle, until a bullet from a maniac in whom the homicidal development had become complete, suspends his propaganda—but only, we are left to gather, for a time. None the less, Mr. Crawford has by no means succeeded in shaking off the artificialities, as he regards them, of latter-day fiction. He has a regular plot, composed of two love stories with beginnings and ends; his characters are analysed instead of being merely set in action; and many of his situations are dramatic even from a playwright's point of view. And, for our part, while agreeing with him as to the desirability of a new departure, we consider the older elements of his romance very much more interesting than the new.

"WOMAN AND ARTIST"

Max O'Rell is a humorist by culture as well as by nature, who has surveyed mankind a great deal further, at any rate in mileage, than from China to Peru. He knows Frenchmen as one of themselves, Americans and the people of Lesser and Greater Britain as a visitor gets to know a host who rather likes being chaffed by a pleasant friend who can be trusted never to carry the chaff too far. With these advantages on the part of its author, "Woman and Artist" (Frederick Warne and Co.) could not, and does not, fail to be lively and entertaining reading, even while it cannot possibly be called either a probable or interesting story. The moral seems to be that a successful painter, who takes to the invention of explosives against his wife's better judgment is ill advised. In short, let the cobbler stick to his last—and, on the same principle, let not an author think he knows how to construct or imagine, because he certainly knows how to observe.

"JEZEBEL"

The childhood and early girlhood of the cruelly christened Jezebel Dexter render Mr. Richard Pryce's novel (Hutchinson and Co.) decidedly amusing in portraiture and incident, if somewhat vague in motive. She is a delightful specimen of the *enfant terrible*, doing the wildest things in the wildest way, but always with so much heart and charm as to make it impossible to wish her otherwise. She grows up into rather perilous surroundings; but she is essentially one of those fortunate people who are born to fall on their feet whatever happens; and this even in spite of themselves. The story is of little account—merely that of the customary manner, according to novelists and dramatists, of ending a family feud. Nor is Mr. Pryce's altogether happy—he is developing an artificiality and a mannerism which fatigue rather than excite attention. But we like his novel for Jezebel's sake; and should be surprised if any reader fails to experience the same liking, and for the same reason.

"SONS OF THE MORNING"

The constant insistence by Mr. Eden Phillpotts upon the intense sense of humour possessed by the heroine of his "Sons of the Morning" (Methuen and Co.), is by no means justified by either her sayings or doings. If, however, by sense of humour he means superabundance of humours, no fault can be found with his description. She seems born to make everybody about her wretched, and herself more wretched still. Having engaged herself to



Here were buried 33 officers and men of the Suffolk Regiment, who were killed in action on January 6th, 1900. The monument was erected by the 2nd Berks on the re-occupation of Colesberg. Our photograph is by Mrs. Elise Watts

IN MEMORY OF FALLEN COMRADES

another *soi-disant* humorist, she proceeds to fall in love with one of those big, sombre, silent, deep-voiced men who are at present in principal demand. She herself finds no difficulty in loving both the humorous Christopher and the practical Myles at once and with equal affection, and in remaining single in order to be just and fair. Each of the two young men, however, is so convinced of the superiority of his rival to make her happy that Christopher goes even the length of pretending to be dead so that she may marry Myles—a piece of self-sacrifice which he spoils by turning up again in such wise as to make her think him a ghost, with serious consequences. Of course, being tightly married to Myles, she—being she—finds her soul's true mate in Christopher, and tries, in feeble and Platonic fashion, to set up the relationship of wife, husband, and wife's friend. It will not work, however—as how should it?—and when the fatal fall of Myles from a Tor (the scene of the novel is the edge of Dartmoor), enables her to marry Christopher, it is only to be left to the discovery that her real self is in the grave with Myles. Mr. Phillpotts's landscapes are as full of sympathetic charm as ever, and the weird ways of Cherry Grepe, the reputed witch and very actual heathen, is only too realistic a portrait of a rural type that may yet be found, and not in Devon alone.

"THE GIRL AT RIVERFIELD MANOR"

"The Girl at Riverfield Manor," by Perrington Primm (F. V. White and Co.), is one of those numerous stories—of which, however, there can obviously never be too many—that serve to show the importance of a little common sense by showing what comes of having none at all. For example, a young woman who, alone, and with no help except from a candle and a bit of string, explores a long-disused subterranean passage without a thought of stagnant air, sudden chasms, and in-flowing tides, well-nigh deserves the consequences. However, the providence which, under the name of truly remarkable coincidence, watches over heroines of this type, does not fail her even then—an old servant has been warned in a dream long enough previously to have come from Australia to the Mersey just in time to spot the river-mouth of the passage and to effect a rescue. And as in bodily peril, so in perils to hearts and lives—coincidence invariably comes to the rescue of folly. The intending reader will certainly find the experiences of the Girl and her circle sufficiently exciting.

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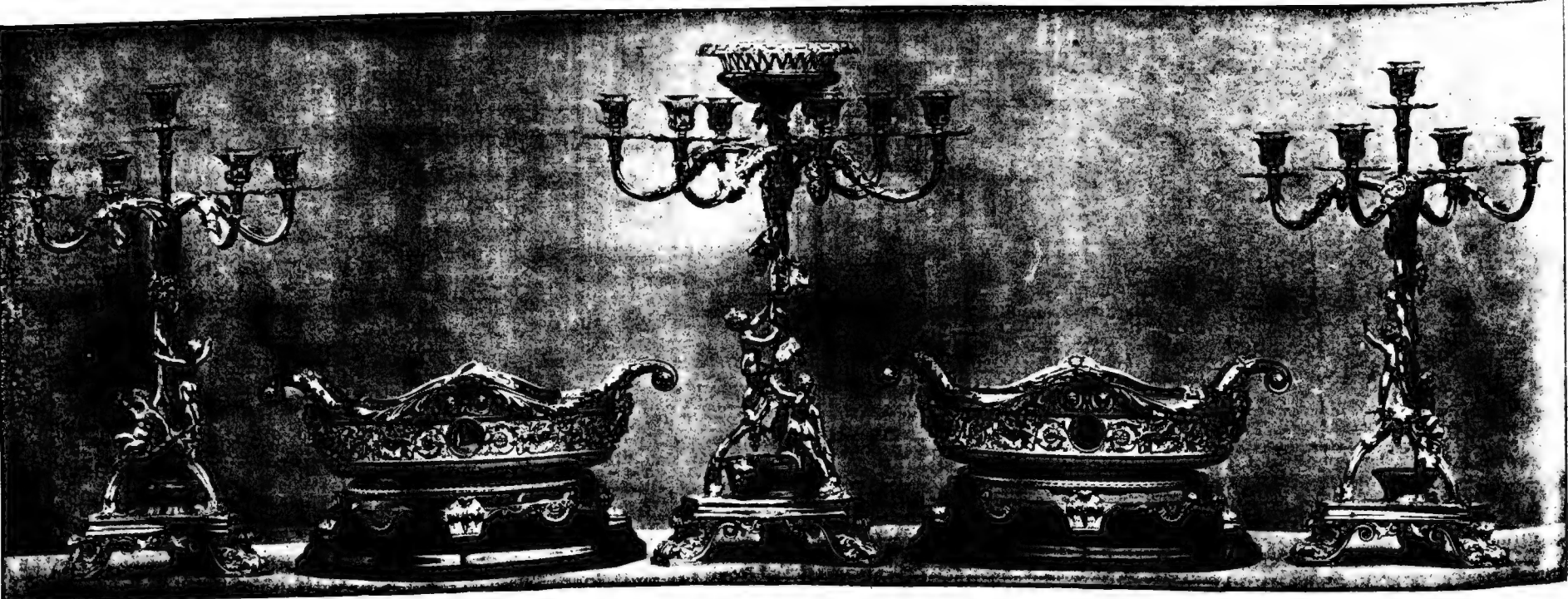
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"The Third Salisbury Administration"

IN a note at the beginning of his timely volume bearing the above title, the author, Mr. H. Whates, reminds us that on the death of a distinguished man it is customary to write the story of his life, and he asks why a like narrative should not be produced on the passing of a Ministry or the Dissolution of a Parliament. There is an obituary flavour in the phrase "passing of a Ministry" which will be unpleasant to all good Unionists. There will be no "passing" of the Salisbury Ministry, it is certain, but a triumphant renewal of their lease of life. But whether this be so or not, Mr. Whates's book is an interesting record of a notable Administration, and contains much valuable material to serve for a history of the period during which the Ship of State required careful handling and steering.

Mr. Whates is well fitted for the historian's task; he is the author of "The Politician's Handbook," a work of reference which has been found most useful by legislators, journalists, and general readers. It is a difficult thing, and it becomes more and more difficult as time goes on, to carry in one's mind a clear notion of the questions of the day; so rapidly does one succeed another, so thick and fast do they spring up, and so quickly do they die out of memory that the recollection of the march of events becomes confused. When, therefore, a man can be found who can and will undertake the boiling-down of Blue Books, and will give us the result in a small and solidified compass, his labours are entitled to the thanks and gratitude of those who, having neither time nor inclination for such work, have to be content with the merely superficial record of the annals of the time in the daily papers. Mr. Whates goes for his facts to official sources, and verifies his statements bearing upon Foreign and Imperial Affairs by reference to Ministerial and other despatches. He modestly disclaims value or interest for his own opinions and comments except for such approval or criticism as they may excite in his readers' minds, and he makes an earnest and successful effort to record in a practical and straightforward manner the life history of the Third Salisbury Administration.

From June, 1895, when a majority of seven against the Liberal Government on the question of an insufficient supply of cordite, and a motion for the reduction of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's salary by 100%, was considered by the Government as "a vote of censure, petty, but fatal," up to the dissolution of the other day, Mr. Whates deals with the history of the late Parliament in seven

sections. Book I. is devoted to the narrative of the Armenian massacres, the Civil War in Crete, and the War between Greece and Turkey; Book II. to the dispute between Great Britain and the United States over the Guiana-Venezuela Boundary; Book III. to Chinese affairs, from the close of the War between China and Japan to the occupation of Peking by the Powers; Book IV. to the Nile and Niger; Book V. to the Indian Wars in the North-West, the minor Colonies and Protectorates; Book VI. to the War in South Africa; and Book VII. to Domestic Legislation. All these affairs of State, complicated and burdened with masses of documents, are summarised and condensed into a volume of 500 pages, with a full index. The mere reading of the analyses at the head of each chapter shows how vast an amount of history has been made during these eventful years. "The number, importance and variety of the foreign and Colonial questions dealt with by the Third Salisbury Administration," says Mr. Whates, "will have impressed the most casual student of affairs. The political history of the century furnishes no parallel either in quantity or in character to the work that has been crowded into the past five years."

Mr. Whates devotes 125 pages to the history of the war in South Africa, beginning with the Sand River Convention of 1852. "After an arduous, bloody and costly war," he says, "the Boer Republics have been extinguished. The tragic story of this momentous achievement makes the Third Salisbury Administration memorable in the annals of the British Empire. The circumstances are too recent for their development to be described with dispassionate calm. Scrupulous fairness to both sides is an ideal that is difficult, nay impossible, of attainment. An attempt should, however, be made to lay bare the causes of the conflict between the Franco-Dutch and British races without prejudice against the former, and to narrate the acts of the English Government in a manner free from party spirit." This attempt Mr. Whates makes with the result desired. There has been no fuller, closer, and more impartial summary published of the *casus belli*—the claim of the South African Republic to absolute independence. These pages of Mr. Whates's book, and Mr. Fitzpatrick's "Transvaal from Within," contain all that any average citizen needs to know as to the causes which led to the struggle for supremacy in South Africa. Mr. Whates does not shrink from expressing his opinion, after an intimate acquaintance with the documents and a study of the facts connected with the great event. "That the criminal conspiracy which resulted in the Jameson Raid made war inevitable," he says, "is one of the many conclusions to be drawn from a study of the negotiations with Mr. Kruger. Our relations with the Boers have been mismanaged from the first, and the mismanagement has characterised the doings of the Salisbury Government in this connection from the moment

Mr. Chamberlain allowed himself to be duped into giving the Raid conspirators an easy 'jumping-off' place for the invasion of the Transvaal. The negotiations on behalf of the Uitlanders do not furnish a conspicuously good example of diplomacy, though it would be unjust to say they were mismanaged on our side as badly as they were on the side of Mr. Kruger, and several months the war itself was sadly mismanaged, partly because of the incompetence of the Government and their military advisers, to judge what a war with the Republics would be like, and partly because of the incompetence of generals in the field. Having regard to military failure during the early stages of the war, and the public opinion of Europe, if not also of the United States, against us on its moral aspects, it is indeed a matter of congratulation that there has been no foreign intervention in South Africa. A finer tribute to Lord Salisbury's authority in Europe and greatness in diplomacy can be paid than to point to this fact of non-intervention."

The other achievements of Lord Salisbury's Administration in the field of Foreign Policy have been the settlement of the Guiana-Venezuela boundary, the securing of the autonomy for Crete, the reconquest of the Soudan, the delimitation of the French and English spheres of influence in the Central Soudan and West Africa, the Anglo-German Treaty as to Samoa and other parts of the Pacific, and the approximate settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute. "In all these questions," says Mr. Whates, "the Government have pursued a most pacific course." Speaking broadly—and always with the reservation that the immediate future of China may produce a crop of disputes between the Powers—it is just to say that England's position in the world is one of greater strength and dignity than it was at the birth of the Third Salisbury Administration.

Domestic politics have not been so interesting or so important during the period as foreign affairs, and legislation has not been remarkable. The pursuit of the Millennium, as our author jocosely observes, by Act of Parliament, has tacitly been abandoned by all parties, though doubtless it will be resumed when a period of bad trade comes again and the masses are suffering from lowered rates of wages and partial employment. "Old-age pensions, comprehensive plans for the relieving of the working classes, the overhauling of the licensing system—these and other measures which were to bring about a social reformation are still to seek. And while Foreign Affairs continue to be such engrossing interest little progress is likely to be made with them—at any rate, until there is an Opposition in fact as well as in name."

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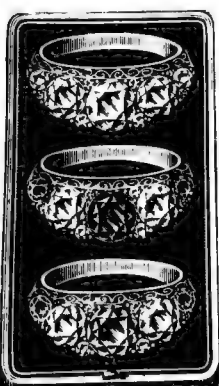
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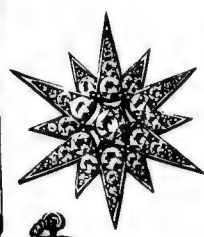
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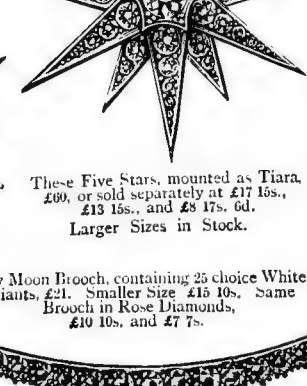
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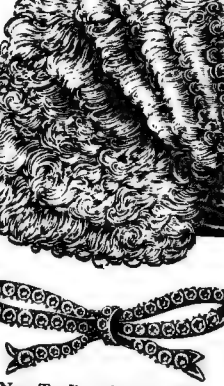
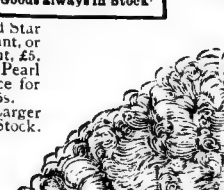
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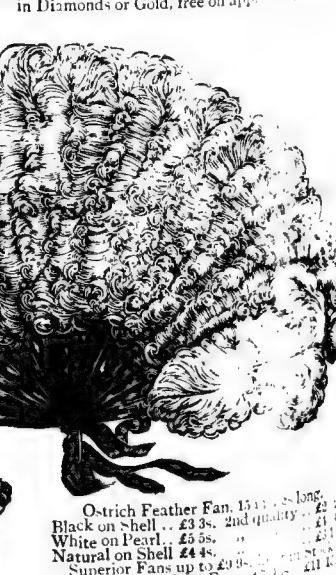
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Birmingham Musical Festival

THE Birmingham Triennial Festival, which took place this week, was rather unlucky in clashing with the General Election. But the Festival has its special *clémentine*, so that the General Hospital on whose behalf it is held is not likely to suffer, and may, indeed, even benefit by the extra effort which has undoubtedly been made.

The programmes this week were of very high interest. The most important was Mr. Edward Elgar's setting of portions of the late Cardinal Newman's dramatic poem *The Dream of Gerontius*. Besides this Sir Hubert Parry contributed a new and effective song entitled "A Soldier's Tent," the words by "Carmen Sylva" (Queen of Roumania), the song being sung by the composer's son-in-law, Mr. Plunket Greene. A selection from a Mass by William Byrd, a composer who flourished at the latter end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, was also revived. A fresh edition has just been issued of the Mass, and this was used at the Festival. Dvorák's *Spectre's Bride*, one of the most successful of its composer's secular works, and originally written for the Birmingham Festival of 1885, was also revived; and Mr. Coleridge Taylor's *Song of Hiawatha* was given in its entirety under the conductorship of Dr. Richter, and with a far stronger cast than was engaged for its initial performance last spring at the Albert Hall, the principal singers now being Madame Albani, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Black. The general programmes likewise included "Elijah," which is the special property of the Birmingham Festival, where it was first given to the world under Mendelssohn's own conductorship; Sir Hubert Parry's Twelve-Part Psalm "De Profundis," a very acceptable revival; Selections from "Israel in Egypt," Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, the Robert Franz edition of Bach's "Saint Matthew Passion," Brahms' "Requiem," and various smaller works.

THE "DREAM OF GERONTIUS"

The theme of Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius* is rather gloomy, and Mr. Edward Elgar's name has hitherto been associated with works of more dramatic character. Nevertheless the West Country composer seems to have thrown his whole heart into his work, and although its complexity and the difficulty of both the choral and orchestral parts may for the time militate against its free acceptance by choral societies, yet there is not much doubt it will

be considered Mr. Elgar's masterpiece. Its intricacies have, as we learn, induced Mr. Manns to strike it out of the programme of the coming Crystal Palace concerts. But such difficulties were easily overcome by Dr. Richter and his forces at Birmingham.

The Prelude starts with a theme typical, it seems, of the "Judgment," and this in effect pervades the entire composition, particularly when the thoughts of the Saint or his Guardian Angel dwell upon the enigma of the Judgment. Another theme stands for "Fear," another (announced by the Cor Anglais) for "Prayer," while yet another stands for "Sleep." In another theme the "Miserere" is suggested, and it is to this melody that the dying Saint offers up his final prayer for mercy. Another theme represents "Despair," and so forth. Very solemn is the first part of the Cantata, in which the Saint, in a tenor solo, sings, "Jesu, Maria, I am near to death;" the Assistants chanting the "Kyrie eleison," and the whole ending with the valediction of the attendant Priest, "Go, in the name of Angels and Archangels." In this *finale* there is a short fugue, and towards the end the chorus is in eight and sometimes in twelve parts. This portion of the work is almost necessarily gloomy, and even painful in its intensity, although the style is most devout.

In the second part, after a short but very beautiful Prelude for the muted strings, the tenor represents the Soul of Gerontius, first in a monologue, "I went to sleep and now I am refreshed," and afterwards in a duet with the Angel, a part for mezzo-soprano sung at Birmingham by Madame Brema. The duet is long, and its devout style is continued throughout, until the pair arriving "close on the Judgment Court" a "sullen howl" from the Demons seems to bar their progress. In the course of the chorus a short fugue is started, but the derisive cries of the Demons are finally silenced by the chorus of Angelicals, singing Cardinal Newman's famous hymn, "Praise to the Holiest in the Height." Here again we have an excellent example of polyphonic writing. After a short dialogue between the Angel of the Soul, the hymn, "Praise to the Holiest" is resumed until the Judgment Seat is approached, and we have a fine bass solo for the Angel of the Agony—a lengthy Prayer, interspersed with a chorus of Souls in Purgatory, and Voices from Earth chanting the *Miserere*. To the Souls in Purgatory are allotted a portion of the 90th Psalm, Cardinal Newman's beautiful version of which is, of course, utilised; and with a repetition of this Psalm, intermingled with the Solo of the Angel and the Choir of Angelicals—"Praise to the Holiest in

the Height"—two choruses and a semi-chorus with the voice of the Angel superposed—the work comes to a placid and even solemn end. The composition demands the services of only three principal singers, namely, a tenor, a bass, and a mezzo-soprano.

In regard to the Festival generally, criticism cannot now be offered, and it need only be said that the band was upon the scale of former years, it being led by Mr. Schiever, and being formed of members of the Hallé and Richter orchestras. The chorus consisted of about 350 voices, the pick of the singers of Birmingham, many of them amateurs who had volunteered their services for the Festival. The veteran Mr. Stockley, who for nearly forty years was chorus master of the Festival, and who relinquished his office to the late Dr. Swinnerton Heap, now temporarily resumed his duties owing to Dr. Heap's sudden death; while Mr. Perkins was again the organist, and Dr. Richter was conductor-in-chief. The principal vocalists of the Festival were Madame Albani, Madame Evangeline Florence, Miss Palliser, Madame Brema, Miss Ada Crossley, and Madame Clara Butt; Messrs. Lloyd, W. Green, Ben Davies, Bispham, Plunket Greene, and Andrew Black.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

ONE of the finest of Septembers on record has been added to the past. A record of bright sunshine almost unparalleled for the time of year is returned from the leading stations, while the average rainfall in England has been just one inch. The Scotch and Irish rainfall has been two inches, but even this is below the mean. The nights have been cool but without frost, and the heavy dews have kept meadows fresh and green. A start has been made with autumn sowings of wheat and rye, but of the catch crops, such as sep tares and various grass seeds, less than usual has been sown, the soil resisting the plough, though the surface was fairly moist. October sees wheat sowing commenced in earnest; the rainfall of September 27 and 28 was half an inch, a clear moiety of the month's rainfall being received in forty-eight hours. The effect on the land is marked, and soils which resisted the plough before this rainfall have since its fall proved workable. The root

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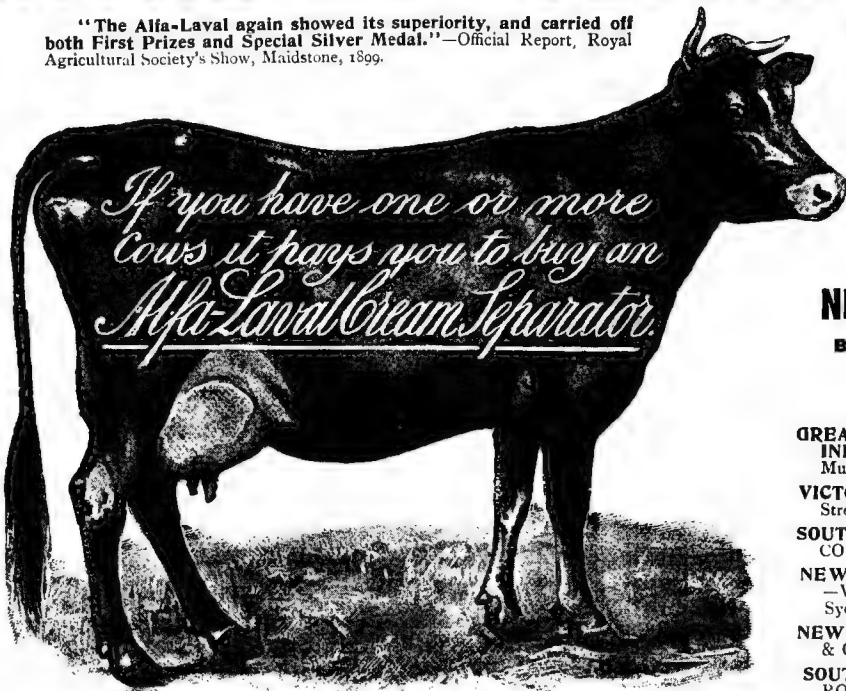
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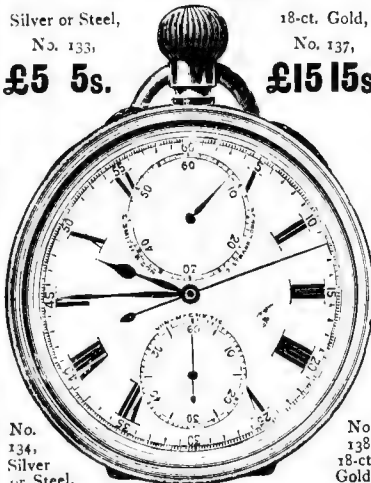
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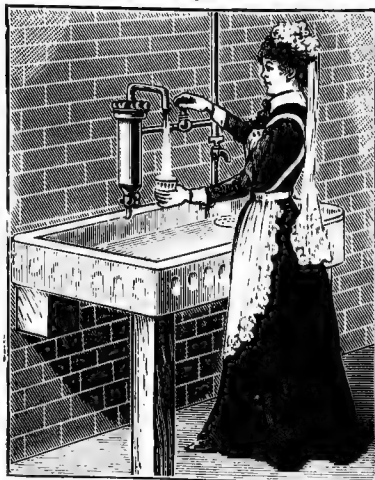
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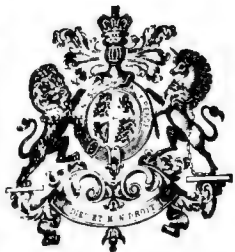
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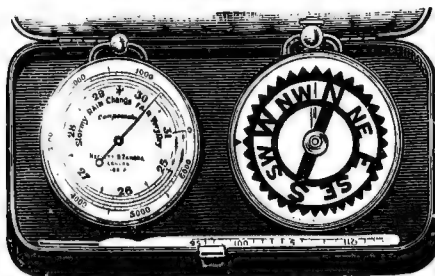
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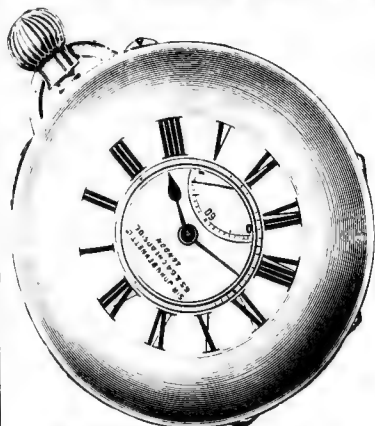
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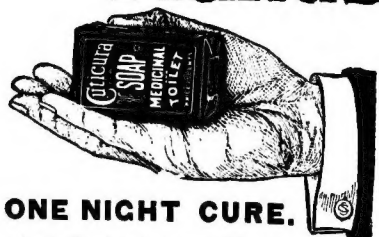
crops bid fair to exceed an average, for if turnips will often be deficient both swedes and mangolds are expected to exceed the mean by as much as twenty per cent. The potato crop will be, perhaps, an average, for the number of the potatoes is greater than usual, and this may fairly be set against their smaller size. The fruit crop has already been referred to, and despite the frightful waste which has been for the moment sufficiently discussed, the amount stored in sawdust and bran, made into jam and consumed also as fresh fruit, much exceeds the average. The garden is gay with chrysanthemums, and the absence of high winds leaves the trees well in foliage, which is beginning to assume its autumnal tints. The Virginia creeper is now a brilliant scarlet, while poplar, lime and plane leaves are going off into hues of yellow and amber. Now is the accepted hour for putting in bulbs, and there is a good demand for lilies to replace the losses of 1900, a season very bad for the *lilacea*. The irises gain in favour, but the new sorts are mostly rather delicate.

OCTOBER

Irish folklore of the seventeenth century tells us that on Michaelmas Day the devil puts his foot on the blackberries. Let us hope that the brambles do their duty! The date is clearly old style, as the 11th of our present October and the devil's foot is not heat but frost. The actual advent of really frosty nights cannot be long postponed after October is once with us. Our climate is very mild for the high latitude, like that of Siberia and Labrador. But the cold currents have not far to come, and whenever they get between the northward tending currents from over the Gulf Stream they bring frost. October, however, is, on the whole, a kindly month, and the French have a comfortable saying that St. Michael's rain does not stay long. There is an old English saying that a dry Michaelmas means a dry spring. This is without any known basis, in fact, but there is more foundation for the saying "Dry your barley in October or the year will find you sober." If barley is well dried in

October it is a good maltster's season, the consequence of which fact to a pre-Lawsonian age was easily to be indicated. It is said that there are always nineteen fine days in October, which is tantamount to saying that there are four more fine days than in an average month. The belief that October haws and acorns mean a severe winter has been disproved doubly of recent years, for whereas the mild winter of 1898-9 was preceded by a wealth of berries, the terrible winter of January and February, 1895, was preceded by a great dearth. Artificial holly and mistletoe berries were sold at Christmas, 1894. The supply every year since then has sufficed. "A warm, natural October, a cold February," is a rooted belief in the country, but we do not know if anybody has troubled to verify it. The saying that an abundance of spiders' webs means dry weather in the autumn is easily explained, for the spiders always spin over the boughs and the windows early in October. If the weather keeps fine the webs remain, but if it rains at all heavy the falling moisture sweeps away the web.

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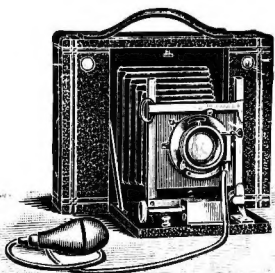
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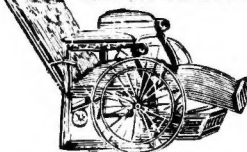
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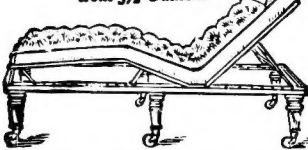
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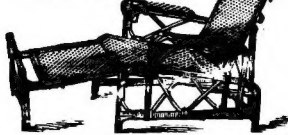


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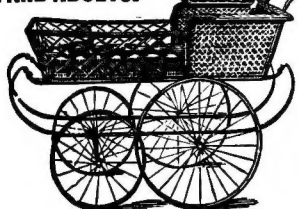
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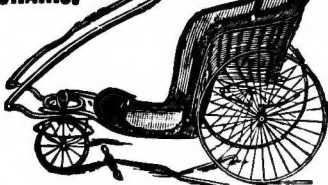
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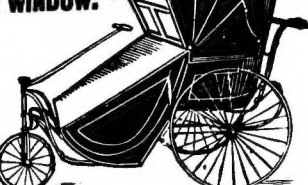
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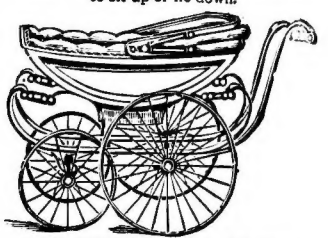
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